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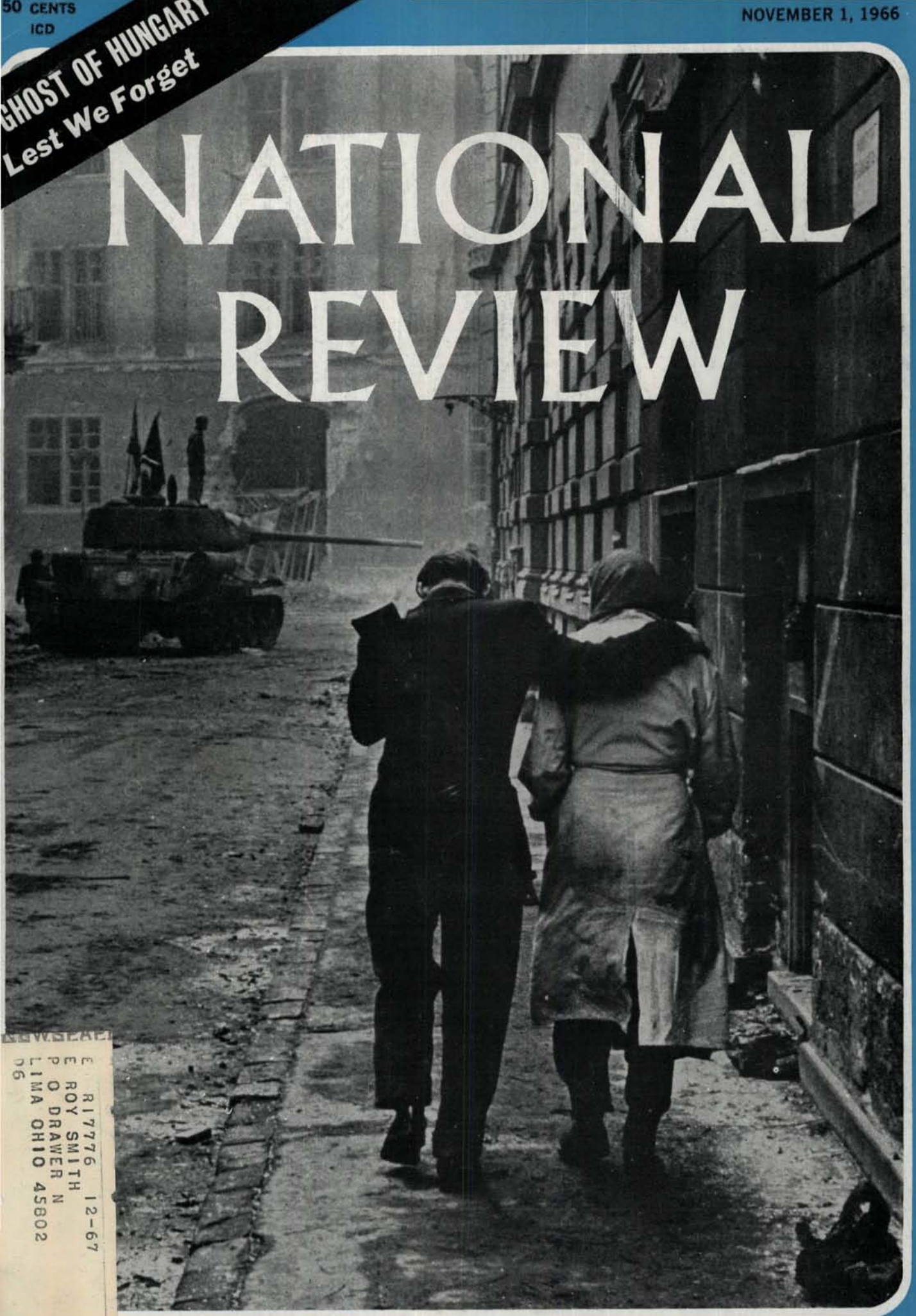
NOVEMBER 1, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW



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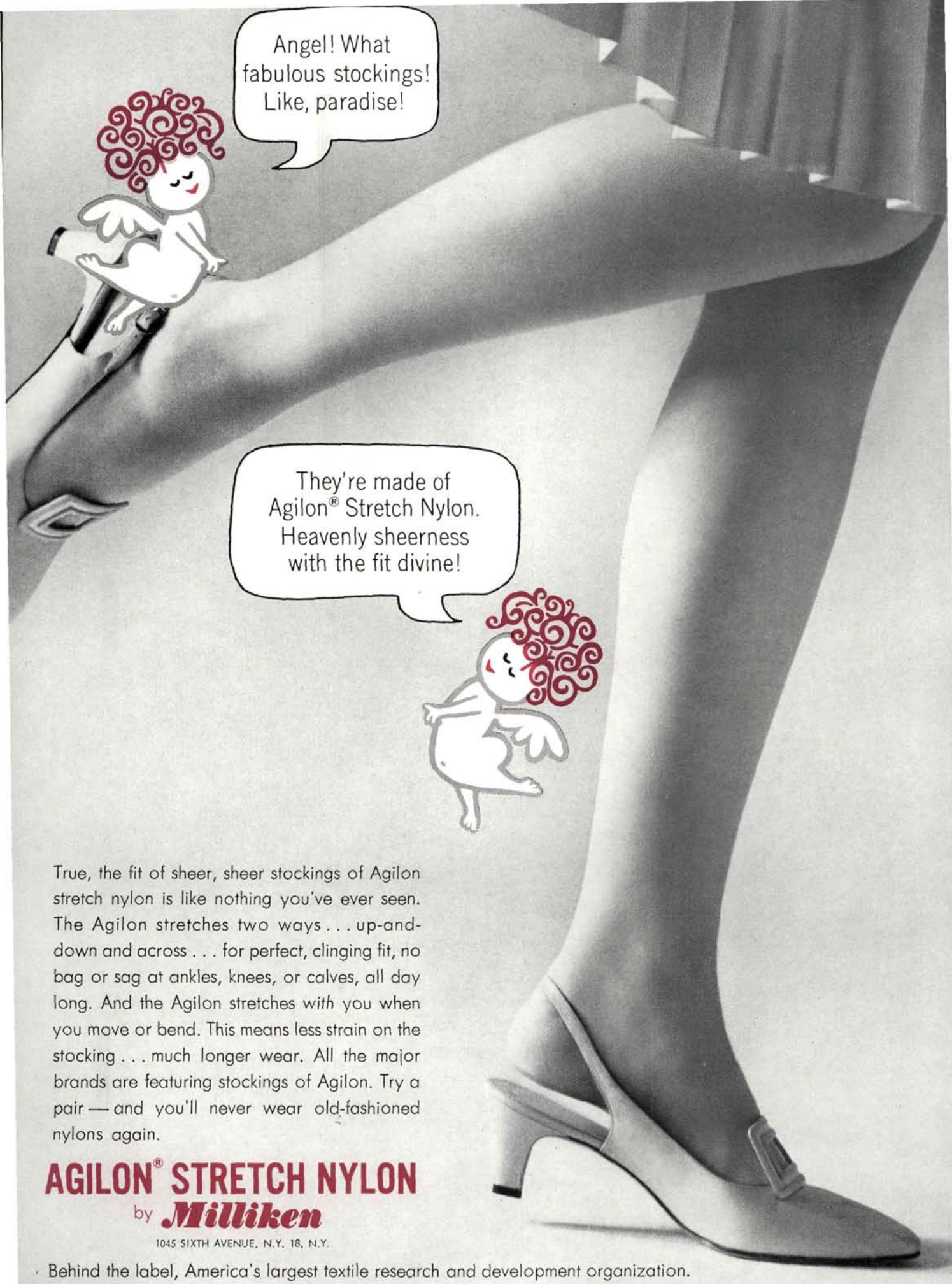
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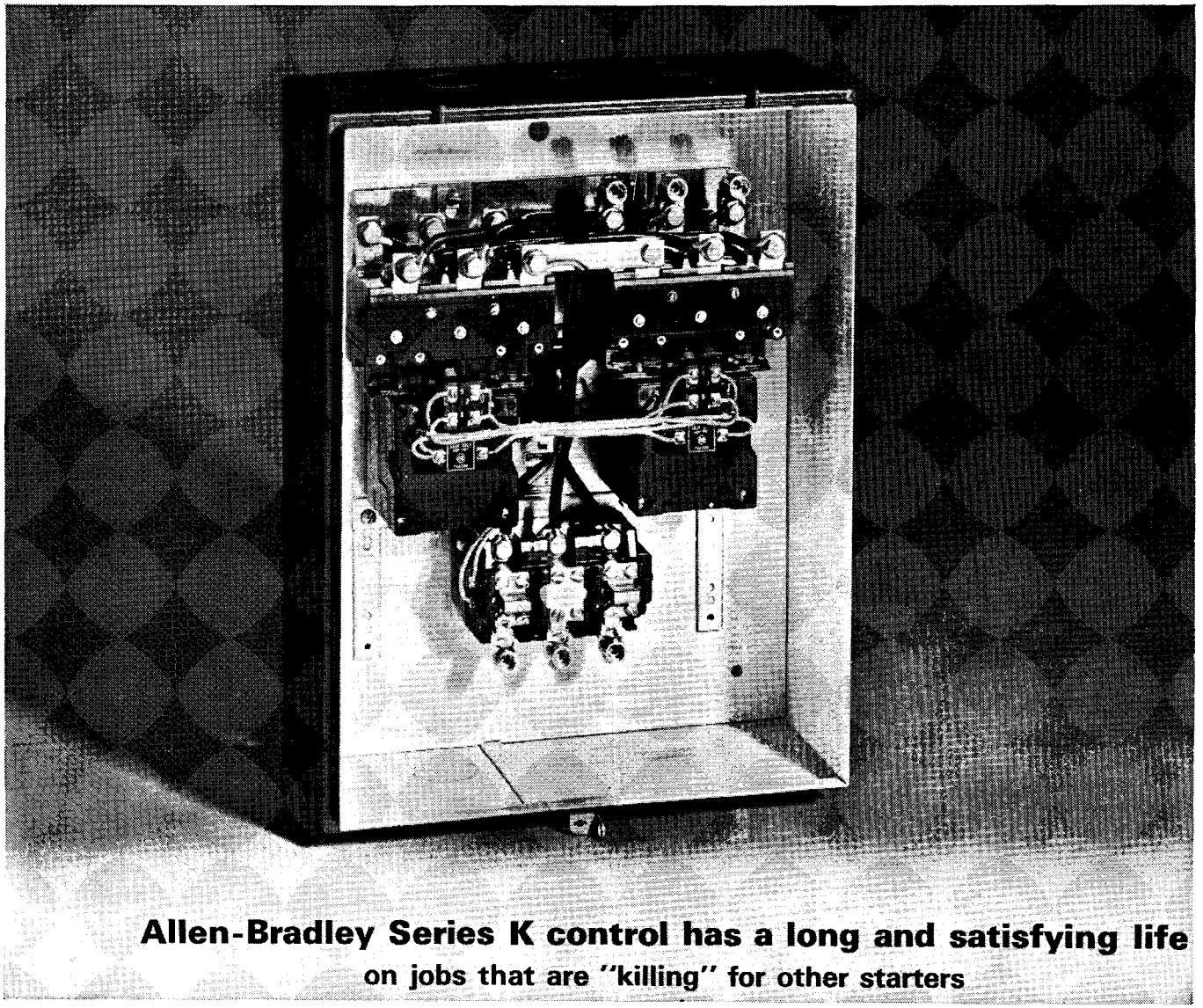

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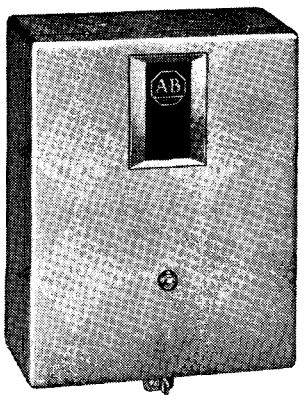

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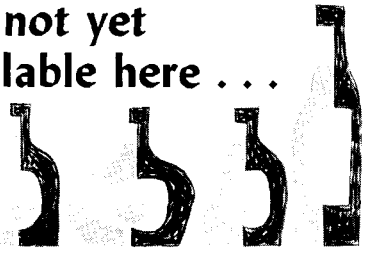

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.).

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to *National Review*, Box 1601, Des Moines, Iowa 50306.

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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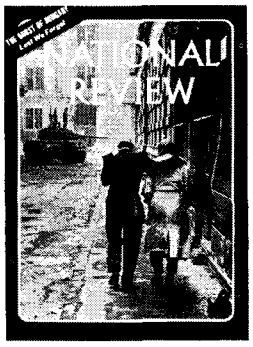
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We publish a final form-sheet on the significant races around the country this election year. **M. Stanton Evans,** editor of the *Indianapolis News,* undertakes to quote the odds here and there from coast to coast, while noting that the gains that may be expected in behalf of the conservative cause must be attributed, in part, to the trail-breaking of Sen. Goldwater's 1964 campaign for the Presidency. . . . The always cheerful Californian **Morrie Ryskind** escorts us through the campaign headquarters of Ronald Reagan and Pat Brown in California. . . . It is ten years since the Hungarian people stood up against Soviet Communist colonialism. Their heroic defiance, based partly on a misunderstanding of the tragic inability of the U.S. to back up with deeds its galvanizing words, is portrayed on our cover and in the photo section—unforgettably.



Cover photo by HANNES BETZLER and ERNST LAUE, *Muenchner Illustrierte.* Reprinted with permission.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** discusses the thought and tactics of Mr. Saul Alinsky, the expert at getting things done, if you don't mind a little disorder. One man's protest may be one man's protest, but when it gets magnified into social Blitzkrieg it is time for thinking men to enter a plea in behalf of organized society. . . . Englishmen, says **Alec Waugh,** like to talk quietly and belong to a nice club. There are compelling social reasons for the Englishman's need to retreat into the Cave or the Caledonian; and other sadder, social reasons why the accustomed amenities are disappearing; their memory, at least, will always be delectable. . . . **Russell Kirk** is back from his summer home in Sheridan, Scotland, with a report on the sorry state of British medicine, which has become so state-mechanized that British physicians are fleeing the country in droves.

➔ **Sir Shane Leslie** reviews the first of the projected five volumes of the life of Winston Churchill, written by Randolph Churchill, and relying four-square on the archives assembled by the prize-winning historian, Churchill *père.* . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** finds time when not teaching or working on three new books to review *The Territorial Imperative,* the latest in Robert Ardrey's series of intellectual explorations. Ardrey investigates the biological function of territory much as Gottfried Dietze did some years ago in *In Defense of Property* (Dietze also argued from animal experience); Prof. Davenport welcomes the exploration. . . . **Max Geltman** goes into the known details of a terrific murder that occurred half a century ago near Kiev, and compares that history with the treatment it gets at the hands of two current writers, Maurice Samuel and Bernard Malamud. . . . Robert Lekachman's new book on Keynes has excited fine reviews and spacious ads in the standard places; **William F. Rickenbacker** demurs. . . . **Farley Clinton** had better luck at the local movie house. He saw some peerless Agatha Christie, some good color photography, a Tennessee Williams done so badly it was acceptable, and something about St. Francis which isn't for the birds, bless 'em. ➔

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LETTERS

Vietcong Atrocities

The pictures of the mutilated bodies in your Oct. 18 issue were nauseating. They were in extremely bad taste. Till today I considered your magazine tops in its field. Now I have my doubts. Please, oh please don't cheapen your magazine in such a way.

New York, N.Y. MRS. JAMES M. ANDREWS

I was thoroughly disgusted by the pictures of the Vietnam atrocities which appeared in the October 18 issue. I rather thought it was beneath your political outlook to attempt to appeal to the righteous indignation of your readers in this manner. I am sure the majority of our nation realizes the futility and bestiality of war, particularly this one. Does mankind continually have to remind itself it teeters on the brink of barbarism?

Deerfield, Mass. JOHN E. JONES JR.

I applaud your courage in printing those photographs of a few victims of Vietcong savagery. Doubtless other readers will not applaud; they will recoil. It is ghastly. Yes, it is. Appalling. Yes. Loathsome, disgusting. Yes. I too recoil in horror; no one could do otherwise who is not himself sunk into bestiality. But the primary threat to our freedom, our culture, our civilization in this age is not gruesome pictures, or even, finally, the gruesome totalitarianism *cum* moral nihilism of which the photographs are merely the testimony, the garbage spilled from the cans. Aggressive totalitarianism can be resisted, can be fought, and ultimately can be overcome—as we must believe, lest our morale, and with it the chances for civilization, collapse. No—the primary and immediate threat is that dismaying self-delusion, hypocrisy, "doublethink," to which war is peace and slavery is freedom—it's all there in *1984*. Also it is cranked out in heaps of linguistically insane gibberish from the Communist propaganda mills, and duly echoed in the bleatings of Ferlinghetti, Lord Russell, and the New Left.

Cambridge, Mass. JEFFREY D. TREDER

NR on Judaism

It is doubtful whether NATIONAL REVIEW'S recent articles on Judaism [Oct. 4] would enlighten many *NR* readers on the subject. Indeed, the melancholy erudition of Mr. Geltman and the patronizing tone of Mr. Jones would hardly increase the understanding of most people, whose knowledge of Judaism is so limited that they do not know the basic principles of the faith, or even that the New Testament was based on the Old.

As a Jewish conservative, I have worked with many splendid people who have displayed a friendly but complete ignorance of my religion, rather staggering in scope and remarkably common.

I discovered, for example, that most Christians do not know that a Jew is a person who believes in the concept of one God, and does his best, within the limitations of the individual character, to live by the Ten Commandments.

The God of Judaism is found, stated and restated, in the pages of the Old Testament—not, I am grieved to note, in *Commentary* or other inflammatory "Jewish" publications. There is likely to be as much Judaism in such trivia as there is Christianity in journals of the National Council of Churches.

Rather, those who could truly study the faith are referred to the pages of the ancient Book whose wisdom was also the fount of Christianity.

STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Palos Verdes Penin., Cal.

Jones on Commentary

I feel obliged to say that the original version of my "Letter to *Commentary*" [*NR*, Oct. 4] was rather different from yours, which I did not chance to see before publication. Less than half of the original remains, and this has been freely adapted. Some of your editorial interpolations are not consonant in tone or in content with my own views. This is particularly true of the Jaspers section. In the original I spoke only of the interview which *Commentary* republished—I did not discuss Jaspers otherwise, nor discourse upon "the German mind." I do not believe that "the German instinctively feels . . ." anything and have always refrained from such national or racial characterizations. My point was that Jaspers was avoiding a difficulty universal in cultural evolution and that this avoidance is prevalent today (from Left to Right). I fear that I had overlooked the works of Monsignor Knox, and I made no allusion to Lenny Bruce. I did not cry, "Ah!" at the UN, feeble reed though it is.

Mr. Bickel and I were in agreement upon one point—that the Rosenbergs were guilty, but my phrase for that was "sufficient probability," not guilt "beyond the shadow of doubt." Unfortunately, there are not many cases upon which *no* shadow can be thrown, especially when there are lively ideological or other incentives to do so.

What remains of my article is now too narrowly polemical. It is not difficult to score these debating points against "the Liberals" (nor for them to reply in kind). No fundamental change can come of this. What must be sought for is some alternative comprehension of the common human plight sufficiently profound

(Continued on p. 1080)

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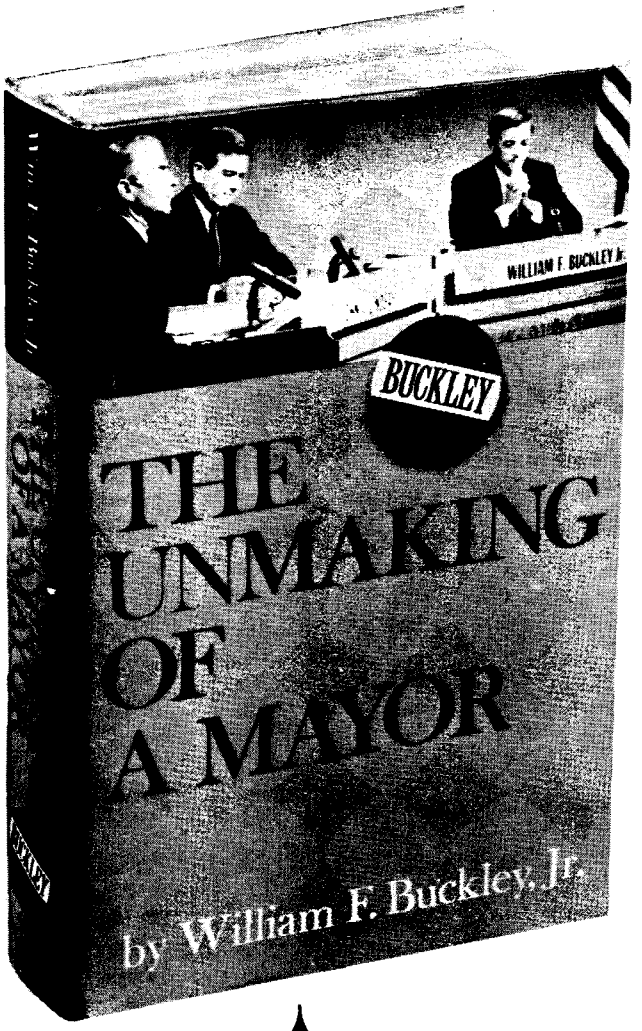

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"His views are expounded without reservation; fearlessly, logically and skillfully. I disagree with some of them pretty sharply; Buckley belongs, I suppose, generically to the Right, as I do to the Left. Yet these terms, 'Right' and 'Left' have come to be almost meaningless, and the only valid distinction today is increasingly between those who react to life as individuals and those who are content to merge themselves in the collectivity; fodder for brain-washers, advertisers and other mass-persuaders. Buckley certainly belongs to the former category. That there should be in New York City some 350,000 citizens prepared to give their votes to him on that basis is a most heartening fact, as his account of his campaign is a most heartening document."

—*Malcolm Muggeridge,* **Esquire**

"Of all possible roles we had never expected to find Mr. Buckley cast as Candide. But he has never been better. He has of course always been entertaining; but the decorum and formalism of his prior settings had begun to intrude a slight note of languor into his work; he was in danger of running down to a kind of 'Anyone for Thomas Aquinas?' triviality, but his unexpected casting into the surreal has refreshed him wonderfully; just having an experience has made him wildly entertaining. His sense of comedy rode triumphantly through a process which turns most men into sodden lumps. His understanding that comedy must be serious provides us with many cranky but unexpectedly useful reflections on the New York ordeal. There is nothing like low company to bring out the high style. Don Quixote has to travel with Sancho Panza; and Mr. Buckley makes his trip with those two parts of him in perfect tandem.

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—*Murray Kempton, The New York* **Post**

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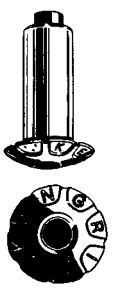

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New York, N.Y. JACK JONES

NR *regrets any misrepresentation of Mr. Jones' views caused by its handling of his piece on* Commentary, *which was accepted on the understanding that extensive revisions would be necessary. The editors are unaware of having altered or otherwise affected the philosophical intent of Mr. Jones' arguments, which remain as cogent in the published, as in the submitted, version.* —ED.

Is God?

There are a couple of shorter answers, though not so eloquent, than the fine letter from Mrs. A. E. Bonbrake concerning the alleged death of God [*NR*, Oct. 4].

Mr. Will Cuppy wrote that he had an answer for those who declare that the insects are catching up with men. "That may be true," Mr. Cuppy would reply, "for some people." And Pascal, in answer to those in his time who denied God, wrote that if one chose to worship God and found out later that he had been mistaken, no great harm would have been done. "But how dreadful," he continued, "to deny God and discover, too late, that one has been in error."

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES M.D.

Cash on the South

From the evidence of his review of *Jubilee* by Margaret Walker [Oct. 4], Professor Davenport either read *The Mind of the South* a long time ago and has forgotten it, or he read it with a singular lack of understanding. He seems to have taken from it only what was food for some monstrous anti-myth of the South. Cash documents over and over again exactly the kind of isolated, backwoods, frontier-sprung plantation and planter described by Mrs. Walker. Read Chapter Two if you have time for no more, but you should go on to Chapter Three—a grand chapter—ending with Henry Adams' description (in the *Education*) of Ronny Lee and other young Southerners he knew at Harvard —an apt description of Mrs. Walker's planter essentially. . . .

Easton, Conn. HENRY R. FULLER

Conservatives Polled

I was surprised to read that, in an opinion poll taken at a conservative seminar, 15 per cent of the participants identified with the "Objectivist" viewpoint of Ayn Rand [*NR*, Sept. 20]. However admirable her attacks on collectivism, she can hardly be considered a conservative. Conservatism at its best, as in the ideas of Edmund Burke or the

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Founding Fathers, has always been committed to a defense of religion and, more particularly, of Christianity. Ayn Rand, on the other hand, is so violent in her condemnation of religion as to be really a twentieth-century variant of Nietzsche (without Nietzsche's literary genius, though).

Wt. Seneca, N.Y. PAUL SPENGLER

Apples

Francis Russell's "The Apples of Wrath" [Sept. 20] was an excellent article and conveyed much of the hell experienced in the New England harvest of 1965.

In fairness to all concerned, I feel your readers should know of the change in the 1966 harvest. New England growers have worked hard with the U.S. Department of Labor, state employment services, National and State Councils of Churches, congressional delegates, governors, commissioners of agriculture and many others, to try to find answers to the apple harvest labor problem.

Much has been accomplished and the spirit of cooperation and actual effort on the part of everyone have been tremendous. As a grower I am extremely grateful to all, especially Secretary of Labor Wirtz and his staff. At least we have gained direction and I hope the answers to the labor problem will be even more evident next year.

Harvard, Mass. WILLIAM G. DOE
President,
New England Apple Council, Inc.

Pro Brogan

It is a rare and refreshing thing to find a satirist who is capable of entering lasting truth into the cause of a witty article without sacrificing either wisdom or urbanity. Such a man is Colm Brogan ["Imperial Britain, RIP," Sept. 20]. A word of advice, gentlemen: cherish him.

Buckhannon, W. Va. ROGER B. CAMPBELL

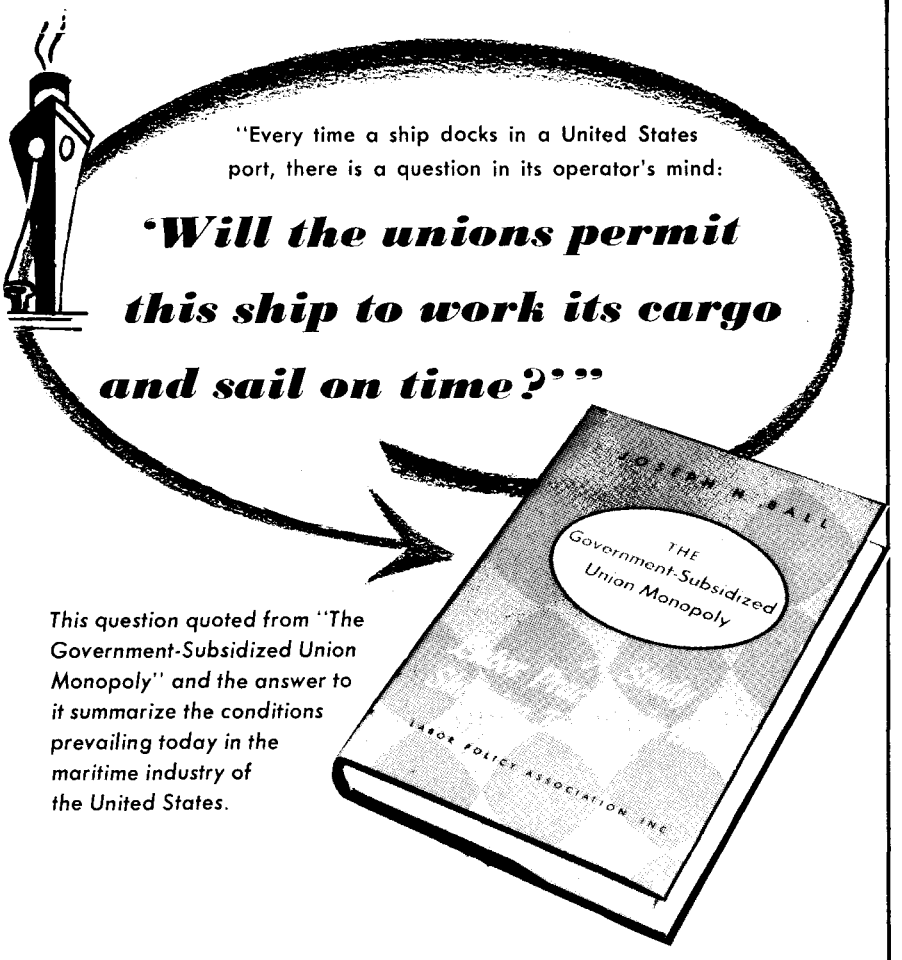
We have, do, will.

Pro Hatfield

In the past several months, the editors of my favorite magazine have made some rather unkind comments on Governor Mark Hatfield. We who consider ourselves practicing conservatives do have several areas where we strongly disagree with Governor Hatfield, but we who know him would never go so far as to lump him in the same list with such unsavory characters as Jacob Javits and Thomas Kuchel.

Governor Hatfield is being vilified for a position he has never taken. He has never advocated our unconditional withdrawal from South Vietnam. He is on record to fully support our fighting men in Vietnam and has suggested a blockade of the port of Haiphong. At the Governors' Conference in Los Angeles, he voted against giving the Johnson Administration a blank check to further

(Continued on p. 1125)


"Every time a ship docks in a United States port, there is a question in its operator's mind:
'Will the unions permit this ship to work its cargo and sail on time?'"
JOSEPH H. BALL
THE Government-Subsidized Union Monopoly
LABOR POLICY ASSOCIATION INC.

This question quoted from "The Government-Subsidized Union Monopoly" and the answer to it summarize the conditions prevailing today in the maritime industry of the United States.

FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH H. BALL tells the story of the rise of the maritime unions, and the techniques they used and continue to use to get and to hold their dominance over the shipping industry; and he traces the parallel decline of U.S. flag shipping.

"The Government-Subsidized Union Monopoly" is a classic study, a textbook example, of an absolute union monopoly, the ultimate aim and end of unionism achieved, and its consequences to our commercial sea power.

From his wide experience as a political editor, a specialist in labor relations legislation, and an officer of a great shipping company, Senator Ball presents in detail the interwoven problems of unrestrained union power and the low place to which U.S. flag shipping has fallen in world commerce, and he suggests remedies to the intolerable state to which we have been brought. **$7**

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The WEEK

● As to Social Security, the Republicans have called for an 8 per cent rise in benefits to be paid from "surplus" funds, the Democrats (White House faction) have called for 10 per cent to be paid for through higher taxes, and *the* Democrat (Robert the Kennedy) has called for—pshaw, it's ridiculous—an increase of one hundred zillion quadrihyperbillion! Yes! It's true! Social Security is going up up up! Congress, meanwhile, won't pass the GOP bill lest the elections reflect the gratitude of the voters. And it won't pass the Democratic bill because it will cost money and Who Wants That before elections? And Robert the Kennedy picks up the chips. He's the only one who proposed a *meaning*ful increase, and if no one took action that's because we haven't crowned him King yet. A jillion for your thoughts.

● Although the four-way gubernatorial contest in New York has copped most of the headlines, it is far from being the whole story on the Conservative Party. Everyone *but* the Conservatives has painted the gubernatorial fight as the sole effort of the year: if Conservative Paul Adams beats Liberal F. D. Roosevelt Jr., the Conservative Party takes Line C from the Liberal Party. Beyond that, the Conservatives report great organizational growth. They are endorsing more GOP conservatives than ever (more than fifty this year) and even a couple of conservative upstate Al Smith Democrats. They are running more candidates than ever—some 700, from gubernatorial candidate Paul Adams down to a full slate of delegates to the state constitutional convention. The Conservatives are the only party in the state to support the policemen's position on the civilian review board. Win, lose or draw on the governor's line, the Conservatives should be headed for another fine showing at the polls. And don't think the major parties aren't watching!

● You are a Southern county school superintendent and you want to obey the law. The law says discriminatory ("separate but equal") school facilities are out. The Office of Education in Washington holds you ineligible for federal school funds if you don't make "definite progress" toward integration. Well, what is "definite progress"? Well, the Office says if you are 8 to 9 per cent integrated this year you ought to double that next year or no money. It calls this a "guideline" and guidelines, or quotas by any other name, are specifically not provided for in the anti-discrimination Civil Rights Act of 1964. Well, is it worse to meet a "guideline" than to ignore one? If you jump through Washington's hoop you may lose your job. If you plod ahead at the community's pace you risk provoking the feds. And worse than the percentages is the insistence on at least one teacher of the opposite race in each school. Who among your charges will volunteer to be the first black teacher in a white school, or vice versa? Advance figures show that 10 to 12 per cent of the Negroes in the South are going to school with whites this year. That may sound like progress (over 0 per cent a few year ago) to you, but then, you may reflect, racial adjustments aren't your business. Education is.

● Nearly two years ago several hundred Cuban soldiers (mostly Negroes) arrived in the Congo (Brazzaville). There, among other tasks, they trained members of the revolutionary *Jeunesse* (Youth Corps) and served as pretorian guard for left-wing President Massamba-Débat. It was the Cuban guard that saved Massamba-Débat's life and office in last June's almost-successful coup. Now he is virtually a prisoner of the Cubans, who have forced him toward a more thoroughly Communist position than he derives from his rather non-ideological trade union past. In recent months Cuban strength has been increased to more than a thousand: among them men shifted from Algeria (along with the former Cuban ambassador to Algiers, Servera Riveri) and others who had to get out of Ghana when Nkrumah fell. Portuguese intelligence is convinced that the Cuban buildup is aimed at seizure of the small Portuguese territory of Cabinda, at the mouth of the Congo River; they believe this hypothesis is confirmed by the anti-Portuguese moves—sacking of the Portuguese embassy in Kinshasa, breaking off diplomatic relations—of Congo (Kinshasa) by President Mobutu, who is presumed to be in on the deal. The radical Africans have had a rough time and bad press this year; a Cabinda liberation would be a shot in the revolutionary arm, and at the same time a demoralizing defeat for Portugal that might have repercussions throughout southern Africa.

● Events in Lebanon remind us of the intimate interrelatedness of the world monetary system. The Intra Bank had borrowed short and invested long. American inflation brought Washington to the choice between devaluation and monetary austerity. Choosing austerity, Washington allowed interest rates to zoom. Noting the far greater return available in America, the moneyed princes of the East withdrew whole mountains of cash from Intra Bank for reinvestment here. Intra Bank couldn't raise the cash

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fast enough. It closed, and all Lebanese banks closed, including 41 Lebanese branches of foreign banks. The New York branch of Intra closed. A bank commissioner instructed Chase Manhattan, First National, and Bank of America to hand over the deposits Intra kept with them. Nothing doing, they said, until they first subtract what Intra owes them. Coming on the heels of a deposit run in San Francisco and the collapse of a major bank in Detroit, the news from Lebanon strikes home.

● A gleaning from the Evans-Novak book on Lyndon Johnson: The Independent Committee for Johnson and Humphrey spent much time in 1964 wooing one Robert Hansberger. Their success, according to E/N, "was probably what swung the state [Idaho] into the Johnson column." Mr. Hansberger, among other things, is President of the Boise Cascade Corporation, which is big in lumber and lumber products, and towering in Republican politics. One employee is married to Mrs. Hope Kading, who started the Rat Fink smear; another is Chuck McDevitt, who tried to stop the Lukens-Goldwater forces at the YR Convention in San Francisco in '63; a vice president was Western Coordinator for Rockefeller in '64. Interesting sidelight on the great Republican Robert Hansberger—that he is credited by two well-informed columnists with swinging his state to the Democrats.

● The American Jewish Congress wishes somebody would do something about David Susskind, the television mumbler who excites his listeners by boring his guests, and who, on Sunday, October 16, 1966, broadcast an interview with three Negroes who were not only anti-white but also anti-Semitic. Mr. Richard Cohen of the American Jewish Congress lashed back: "George Lincoln Rockwell has never been as effective in stirring up racial hatred as Susskind was in his selection of guests and subject." Will Maslow, executive director of the AJC, telegraphed: "We are shocked at David Susskind's pandering to sensationalism by turning his program over to three Negro anti-Semites." What the American Jewish Congress failed to say is what most needs saying, namely, that the impossible Mr. Susskind's principal contribution to anti-Semitism lies in his being Jewish.

Erratum. In our issue of October 18 we reported ("For The Record") that Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, who was famous in the Forties for her wild-eyed leftism and for losing her congressional seat to a young lawyer called Richard Nixon in a bitter campaign, had come out in support of Ronald Reagan. Mr. R. called us and told us this was certainly news to him. We checked back the source, and then spoke with Mrs. Douglas who advised us that she remains a Democrat, and would not support Reagan because he is a Republican. However, she says, she has always found him a "very agreeable man," and does not believe that anyone is *ipso facto* incompetent to serve as a public official merely because he has been an actor. It is these statements, she supposes, that have been misinterpreted as an endorsement for Mr. Reagan. And while we are at it, the report in *Time* Magazine (Oct. 7) that Ronald Reagan back in his Democratic days campaigned for Helen Gahagan Douglas is false. Mr. Reagan was never *that* Democratic.

Westward Ho!

Politicians will be politicians; it should surprise nobody that the LBJ Pacific tour and Manila Summit are taking place just before three of the principals confront their customers in nationwide elections. New Zealand's Prime Minister Keith Holyoake and Australia's Prime Minister Harold Holt could never have drawn a fraction of the crowds that came out to see them alongside the hurtling Lochinvar from Texas; the Manila spotlight was focused to exclude their electoral opponents. As for Lyndon Johnson, he had it every which way: press and TV coverage to downgrade *everybody* running in this election, Democrats and Republicans; a spectacular chance to appear as leader of his nation without the risks—growing severe, by the evidence of the declining popularity polls—of direct intervention in the hurlyburly at the hustings.

But it would be superficial to halt analysis at this familiar level of political maneuvering. There are deeper meanings, too, or at least potential meanings, in this tour and rendezvous.

This is the first time that Lyndon Johnson as President has left North America. Surely it is one of those echoing symbols by which History marks her course, that this first trip is West, across the Western Sea. Not all the great problems fermenting in Europe these past three years—collapsing NATO, fiscal crisis in Britain, de Gaulle, tension in and over Germany—could pull the American President where previous American Presidents have so readily and frequently gone: eastward over the Ocean Sea to the high civilization of the Mother Continent. It is westward, in the far reaches of the Pacific, that Lyndon Johnson—whose own home is farther west than that of any of his predecessors—chose to make his stand in the global conflict, and to send his armies. There he now meets with an initial core of the new men leading those distant, long-inert lands to active parts on the world stage.

Commentators have pointed out that diplomatic preparation for the Manila conference was so rushed and inadequate that there was no basis for serious

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Polls '66: Nixon or Romney?

Early in July of this year, the Gallup Poll published one of its periodic surveys on the choice of a Republican candidate for President in 1968. The big news of this sampling was that Governor George Romney of Michigan (described as a "moderate") had apparently pulled ahead of former Vice President Nixon (described as a "conservative") since the last trial heat between them in November 1965.

The poll showed that Nixon's strength as a choice for the nomination had dropped slightly in the previous eight months, from 46 per cent to 43 per cent of the electorate, while Romney's had risen slightly, from 42 per cent to 45 per cent, with 12 per cent undecided in both surveys. On the basis of this showing, pollster George Gallup concluded that the "party pros" wanted Nixon, as they had wanted the late Senator Robert Taft in 1952, but that the "rank and file" preferred Romney, as they had preferred Dwight Eisenhower in that historic year. The clear implication was that the trend moved in the direction of Romney and "moderation."

Aside from the tantalizing *mystique* of this reasoning, how were the figures derived? Below the table listing "Choices of All Voters," Gallup gave a breakdown of the preferences by party affiliation. There it became evident that 55 per cent of all Republicans had named Richard Nixon as their candidate. Only 40 per cent had favored George Romney, while 5 per cent were undecided. How did a lead of 55 to 40 in Nixon's favor turn into a lead of 45 to 43 for Romney in the pre-convention choices for the nomination?

Well, the poll also lists the opinions of Independents, that large, amorphous sector of the voting population which is either too cautious or too unsure of its beliefs to admit that it adheres to any party. They showed a preference of 44 per cent to 43 per cent in favor of Nixon over Romney, with 13 per cent undecided. In other words, no matter how the poll was weighted, the Independents divided so evenly that they couldn't very well have changed a Nixon lead of 55 to 40 among Republicans into a Romney lead of 45 to 43. How, then, did Dr. Gallup perform this feat?

The answer is simple. He also polled Democrats on their choice for the Republican nomination. It is well known that Richard Nixon—even though he nearly won the election in 1960—is not the most popular candidate among Democrats. They voted 50 per cent for Romney and 36 per cent for Nixon, with 14 per cent abstaining. That was the sleight of hand that produced the rabbit.

There are more self-confessed Democrats these days than there are admitted Republicans. If Democrats were permitted to name the Republican candidate for President, they would certainly out-vote the Republicans who want Nixon, and Governor Romney would be nominated. As it happens, registered Democrats don't usually participate in Republican conventions.

No doubt Dr. Gallup would argue that voters of both parties, and Independents as well, will make the final decision, and that consequently their opinions have a bearing on the issue of the nomination. His assumption might be that Republicans —who are in the minority at present—would be likely to want a candidate who can attract enough Democratic votes to win the election. Even so, there's a difference between Republicans' choosing a crypto-Democrat for themselves and letting the Democrats do it for them.

The myth that Republicans prefer Romney to Nixon was strengthened in September when Gallup, drawing names at random from the 1966 *Who's Who,* recorded that "national opinion leaders who classify themselves as Republicans" picked Romney 4-3 over Nixon. This result, Gallup notes, contrasts with the preference of GOP county chairmen, who are for Nixon 2-1. The net conclusion is obvious: whether among the rank and file or the GOP's "top citizens," the *free* choice is for Romney.

By October, however, the story had changed. Dr. Gallup's men had closed *Who's Who* and gone back to the field. By means of a "special ten-point rating scale devised by Jan Stapel of the Netherlands" they discovered that the Romney-dominated GOP sweepstakes had turned into "an exciting two-way race." They discovered moreover that among Republicans asked to rate their choices on a scale running from plus 5 (extremely favorable) to minus 5 (extremely unfavorable) 40 per cent were "highly favorable" (plus 5 combined with plus 4) toward Nixon as opposed to 24 per cent highly favorable toward Romney. And while Nixon, owing to his greater prominence, polled more minus 5s from the electorate at large than did Romney, he commanded an almost 2-1 lead among members of his own party. An observer could draw two conclusions: 1) either most Republicans agree with the bosses or 2) they don't read the polls.

PETER GENNOY

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ One of the benefits accruing to the Democrats from the President's Asian trip will be extended television and radio news coverage in the crucial weeks just before the elections. Even without the trip, the Republicans have had a hard time trying to get their positions before the public. An independent radio-TV monitoring service surveyed two typical weeks—June 12 through June 18, and August 14 through August 20—and found that Democrats were given vastly more news and interview coverage on the nation's three radio-TV networks. During the June week, NBC gave the Democrats 87:00 minutes, Republicans 23:20 minutes; the corresponding figures for CBS were 84:15 and 38:30, and for ABC, 100:20 and 6:45. During the week in August, NBC gave the Democrats 168:24 minutes, the GOP 13:56 minutes; the corresponding figures for CBS were 192:50 and 34:50, for ABC, 115:00 and 6:00.

◆ By far the most dangerous legislation passed by Congress in its adjournment rush was the "Demonstration Cities" bill. Already approved by the Senate, it sailed by the House on a 178-141 vote, a much larger margin than had been predicted. While the funds for the program were cut from $2.3 billion to $900 million, it is conceded that this foot in the door will lead to vastly greater expenditures in the future—much as with the "rent subsidies" legislation passed earlier this year. But more dangerous than the expenditures is the control it gives the Federal Government over the cities. State governments will be bypassed as Washington deals directly with city governments, creating what Rep. Richard H. Poff (R., Va.) calls "a federal-metro form of government." The Federal Secretary of Housing and Urban Development becomes, in effect, a supermayor with final authority over the city projects. He selects the cities which will be allowed to participate and the projects to be underwritten. The bill provides that grants shall not be approved unless the federal-metro planning agency has substantial control over "location, financing, and scheduling of individual public facility projects, whether or not federal-assisted." It specifically defines such "individual public-facility projects," saying they would include ("but would not be limited to") hospitals and libraries; sewer and water, and sewage treatment facilities; highway, mass transit, airports and other transportation facilities; and recreation and other open-space facilities. The Secretary of HUD, moreover, has the power to give "special consideration" to cities which conform to his plans regarding "the establishment and consistent administration of zoning codes, subdivision regulations, and similar land-use and density controls." And he will be authorized to implement this legislation through more "guidelines"—departmental regulations written by unelected bureaucrats that have the actual force and effect of laws. To the House GOP Policy Committee this legislation could mean the end of the neighborhood school, City Hall, and the local planning commission; and soon.

◆ One bill that died after making headlines this year was the one authorizing two dams on the Colorado River, above and below the Grand Canyon. Causes of death were the opposition of the conservationist forces led by the Sierra Club, and exposure of the economic wastefulness in the project and of hydroelectric power in general. The trend is toward coal and nuclear-fired electric power, and both Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall (until now a proponent of the dams) and Congress are making a "sweeping review" of the possibilities of coal and nuclear alternatives. A look at the relative strengths of the relevant lobbies suggests that coal energy will be substituted for the Grand Canyon dams. Indeed, some 175 coal industrialists were briefed recently by the Atomic Energy Commission and assured that nuclear energy poses no threat to their industry. While their proportionate share of the power pie will decrease in the future, the pie itself will have grown so much larger that coal demand will double in the next fifteen years, and the coal industry—now operating at a rate close to capacity—will be able to meet this increased demand only through plant expansion.

—CATO

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discussion of issues or achievement of any but vague and inconclusive results. This criticism is true but largely irrelevant. The point of the whole affair is in the direction and tendencies indicated, in the symbolic significance. The representative of America joins hands with these representatives of the Pacific: representatives, it is true, not of the greatest potential powers of the region, but authentic nonetheless, juniors but not at all mere puppets. Nothing quite like this has happened before, and it is the American stand in Vietnam that has permitted it; ten or five years or one year ago, this meeting would have been politically impossible. These nations of the Pacific—the Philippine Republic, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, South Korea, South Vietnam—are now our allies; their men fight alongside ours against a common enemy. Where are Europe's men in that fight?—this is the question Lyndon Johnson must often have asked himself. There is a lot of fakery in this stunt. At most it is no more than a small beginning. But what it has begun may yet prove very large.

At the Wire

Massachusetts Attorney General **Edward Brooke,** badly hurt by racial unrest, bought expensive half hour of prime TV time last week to denounce

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extremists: "black power" extremists like **Stokely Carmichael** and "white power" extremists like **Lester Maddox.** Brooke, running for Sen. **Saltonstall's** seat, had been conceded the election against former Gov. **Endicott Peabody.** It's not so sure now. If elected, Brooke would be the first Negro senator since Reconstruction. . . . **Pat Brown** switching gears for final weeks. From now on he'll talk about gut issues, says Brown, whose campaign to date has consisted in badmouthing **Reagan.** Latest poll shows 50 per cent of those who voted for **Sam Yorty** in California Democratic primary will pull the Reagan lever Nov. 8, only 25 will go for Brown, 25 are still undecided. As California race goes to the line number of undecided going up, instead of down, but it looks Reaganish. . . . Of the sixty-odd Democratic congressmen who rode into office on the **Johnson** landslide, ten to twelve will exit in '66. Among them (in all probability): Reps. **Ken Dyan** (Cal.), **Lee Hamilton, Andrew Jacobs** (Ind.), **Thomas McGrath** (N.J.), **Lester Wolff, Herbert Tenzer** (N.Y.), **John Gilligan** (O.), **George Grider** (Tenn.), **Lynn Stalbaum** (Wis.) —ultras one and all. . . . On the peace front: the National Conference for New Politics (organizers: **Julian Bond, Simon Casady, Benjamin Spock, William Sloane Coffin Jr.)** have singled out peace candidates who deserve support, including these incumbent Democratic congressmen: **George Brown, Philip Burton, Donald Edwards** (Cal.), **John Conyers** (Mich.), **Edith Green** (Ore.), **Robert Kastenmeier** (Wis.), **John Dow, William Fitts Ryan** (N.Y.). Most prominent of other fifteen "New Politics" candidates —many of whom are running as Independents—is **Charles Porter,** former congressman from Oregon who was formered after becoming prominent **Castro** apologist way back when. . . . Illinois race between **Chuck Percy** and Sen. **Paul Douglas** remains cliffhanger. Percy, who was reported to have said he would be "glad" to see Red China in United Nations in a question-answer period at Northwestern, has been quick to correct that story. What he said, he says, was that the two conditions Peking has placed on its admission to the United Nations are unacceptable— "the price is too high." (Douglas, longtime member of the Committee of One Million, has never been misunderstood on the question of admission—he was, and is, ag'in it.). . . . In last fortnight of campaign, Sen. **Robert Griffin** was still leading former Gov. **G. Mennen Williams** by a whisker in their Michigan senatorial contest (and hoping Soapy wouldn't shave him too close?) and in Nebraska the Democrats— from LBJ on down—have found to their immense surprise that the fastest draw in the West is not Gov. **Frank Morrison** but that old rock-ribbed conservative Republican standby, Sen. **Carl Curtis.** . . . In Pennsylvania it's anyone's guess as **Scranton-Scott** protégé **Raymond Shafer** reels under continued shafts by his unorthodox and furiously Liberal Democratic opponent, millionaire **Milton Shapp.** Shapp's latest fandango: he lifted Shafer's slogan, "Something wonderful is happening to Pennsylvania," printed it across photos of dumps, slums and depressed areas and deposited a folder containing same at every seat at a swanky Shafer fund-raising dinner.

Rules of the Game

Conservative politicians have the devil's own time distinguishing between bona fide campaign oratory and a political smear. It is, for instance, quite all right for Gov. Pat Brown to call Ronald Reagan a racist, a bigot and a radical right extremist because boys will be boys and all's fair in love, war and politics. But when Conservative candidate John Muller, in New York's 29th District, asks his Republican-Liberal opponent Daniel Button to disavow Communist support of his candidacy, that's a smear. It's a smear even though the Communist *Worker* praised Button by name in two pieces supporting "peace" candidates in its issues of June 28 and July 3—and you can take the word of the *Albany Times Union,* of which Button was the executive editor until he resigned to run for Congress, that it is a smear.

The *Times Union* attacked Muller for "mud-slinging" in a Sunday lead editorial and cartoon and called upon Conservative gubernatorial candidate Dr. Paul Adams to repudiate Mr. Muller's candidacy. Dr. Adams and Conservative Party leaders investigated, found that the *Worker* had indeed twice spoken favorably of Mr. Button, and exonerated Mr. Muller. The exoneration was not, alas, reported in the *Albany Times Union* or any of the other major newspapers in the Schenectady-Albany-Troy area that makes up a large part of District 29, on a number of grounds, none of them particularly relevant. Button then filed a charge of unfair tactics against Muller with the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, which was duly carried in the *Times Union* and the other media, but Mr. Muller's answer to those charges was not, for all sorts of reasons, all of them irrelevant. It's all in understanding the rules of the game; Mr. Muller obviously does not.

The Goldberg Parallel Center

For some years it has been the genial custom of U.S. Presidents to appoint as Ambassador to the United Nations logorrheic individuals given to those high-flown abstractions about Human Rights, World Law, Peace and Morality that form the verbal environment of UN gatherings. By this prudent little *trompe l'oeil,* the nation can at one and the same time feed the delegates the diet they dote on, and go its own way, for good or ill, outside the UN enclave when something serious comes up: invade an island, say, while the UN Ambassador eloquently

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Here is a snapshot of one of our earliest subscribers*

Add someone you know to the list of distinguished Americans who read *National Review*—use the handy card facing this page today to introduce a friend to NR. They'll be glad you did—and, you may be sure—so will we! Many thanks.

* The Hon. Barry M. Goldwater talking to members of The Free Society Association. Goldwater was the main speaker at the Association's dinner at the Americana Hotel in New York City on October 5. He is a long-time subscriber to NR. In 1964 he said: "I recommend National Review to every thinking American."

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denounces rumors of invasion; continue close liaison with Tapei while the UN Ambassador speaks of the need for rapprochement with Peking, etc. Thus, Ernest Gross, Henry Cabot Lodge, James Wadsworth, Adlai Stevenson and, God knows, by all rhetorical tests Arthur Goldberg appeared at the time of his appointment to fit naturally enough into this windy series. And certainly, by the record, Ambassador Goldberg *has* seemed remarkably adept at smothering each Vietnam military escalation with a resounding UN-style address about negotiations, peace tables, nuclear disarmament, cooperation in Outer Space, or some other suitable extinguisher.

But one or two recent incidents suggest that Ambassador Goldberg is beginning to take his post seriously. In particular, one wonders what he's up to on the South West Africa front. Naturally, like all Right-Minded Men, he is against "the abhorrent system of racial segregation known as apartheid," totalitarian oppression by the South African government, and South African abuse of the South West Africa mandate, and all-out in favor of "moral well being" and "social progress," "self-determination," "initiating a peaceful action for the benefit of the people of South West Africa," "practical relief to the people of South West Africa in their time of need," and so on and so forth. If Ambassador Goldberg had not included all these in his talk to the Plenary Session October 12, we'd have thought he was failing.

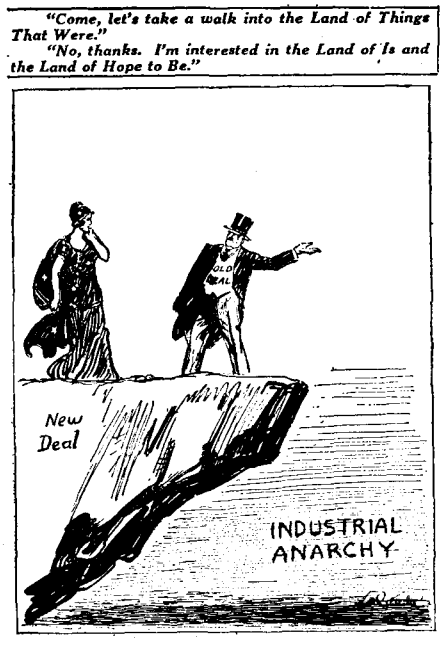
But surely Mr. Goldberg went beyond the call of duty in two respects. First, he paid "tribute to you, Mr. President, and to the participants in this debate, for the seriousness with which this very difficult [South West Africa] question has been treated. My delegation has great respect for the views expressed, both in the statements made and in the 54-power draft resolution." Even a UN Ambassador isn't required to descend to quite that level of servile hypocrisy. Even the *New York Times* was constrained to editorialize, on October 15: "In their zeal to force action against the remaining white rulers of southern Africa the African delegates are disrupting the machinery of the UN, ignoring the rules and flouting the Charter."

Still more alarming was Ambasador Goldberg's hint that the United States might be going to *do* something about South West Africa. Not much, of course—but we are apparently prepared to serve on a Commission which will recomend appropriate sanctions to the United Nations.

Mr. Graham Hovey, also in the *Times,* offers an explanation for Mr. Goldberg's mini-putsch. It seems Mr. Goldberg thought up this October 12 speech on his own; that it was "not a finished policy sent up from Washington. . . . It can be doubted that State . . . would have produced so bold a document." Mustn't it be that State and the White House are too busy these days with a war on their hands to keep a constant eye on Ambassador Goldberg? When the cat's away . . . that sort of thing? Mr. Johnson should dis-

BATCHELOR & THE THIRTIES

Dawn of the New Deal


"Come, let's take a walk into the Land of Things That Were."
"No, thanks. I'm interested in the Land of Is and the Land of Hope to Be."
New Deal
INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY

"We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
FEBRUARY TWELFTH
FDR
SOCIAL SECURITY

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patch a little Presidential chill to New York to soothe the ardent breast of his emissary there.

Straight Talk

Hanoi's propaganda apparatus has been playing some dirty tricks, lately, on our doves and Vietniks. The claim that the National Liberation Front and the Vietcong are spontaneous movements expressing the will of the South Vietnamese people is an essential prop of the position of all varieties of puller-outers, from Professor Morgenthau to the Red Guard's local spokesman, William Epton. Although the history of both the NLF and the VC, proving their North Vietnamese origin, support and direction, is fully known and documented, Hanoi's official line has cooed with the doves about the non-Communist, indigenous, spontaneous, independent, popular, purely South Vietnamese character of the struggle against the invaders and their Saigon puppets.

But recently a shift has been noted in the Hanoi rhetoric. The North Vietnamese Communist Party's theoretical magazine, *Hoc Tap,* for example, has published an analysis of NLF-VC operations which relates these to the earlier history of the Indochinese Communist Party and Ho Chi Minh's Vietminh as integral stages of "cleverly applied" Communist tactics designed to bring all Vietnam under Communist rule. American analysts believe this new and embarrassing frankness has been forced on the North Vietnamese by the need to strengthen the will of all Vietnamese Communists, north and south, for continuing a united struggle in the face of a deteriorating military situation: to combat, in other words, any pull-out tendencies among the North Vietnamese comrades.

Dissent

In public answer to the anti-American charges that fill the press, Mr. Theodore Blockley, legal adviser, senior political adviser, and acting leader of the Canadian Delegation to the International Commission for Supervision and Control of Vietnam, set up by the Geneva accord of 1954, whose other members were India and Poland, recently published the following remarks in a letter to the *Montreal Gazette*:

"For the past seventeen years I have been concerned with the problem of Vietnam and I, almost without reservation, regard American policy with regard to that sorely-beset country as legally sound, morally virtuous, and wisely expedient. . . .

"In 1957, long before American soldiers were helping the South Vietnamese Army, I reported to the Canadian government that the evidence before the International Commission indicated a mounting intensity of attack by North Vietnam against South Vietnam in such flagrant violation of the cease-fire agreement as to warrant South Vietnam's denouncement of the agreement and Canada's withdrawal from the Commission, unless on grounds of expediency both governments regarded the continuance of the Commission as advisable. The evidence indicated failure of North Vietnam to grant exit permits, persecution of political opponents, and establishment of secret bases (among other violations) in flagrant breach of the agreement.

"While I was able to persuade the French and South Vietnamese authorities to turn over many of their prisoners to the Commission, I was unable to save the life of a single prisoner of the North Vietnamese. In fact we eventually ceased making representations on behalf of prisoners because we learnt that the petitioners were thereupon promptly killed by the authorities . . .

"I had to cry out to a crowd of North Vietnamese who had gathered outside the Canadian Delegation's offices in Hanoi: 'The Commission can never help you; it does not want to help you; the Canadian Delegation can never help you; it does not want to help you. If you value your lives, stay away from the Commission's offices, and especially, for God's sake, keep away from the Canadian Delegation offices!'

"For me," he concludes, "the late President Kennedy's promise of protection to South Vietnam—to turn to no other American commitment—is sufficiently binding upon the present American Administration—morally binding; any abandonment of South Vietnam to the tender mercies of the North Vietnamese regime would be an act of the gravest moral turpitude."

The Wonderful World of UN Statistics

The other day we met a very bright fellow, an economist, as it developed, on the staff of a large international oil company. The company does business throughout the free world, and is interested in initiating projects in the new and underdeveloped nations. In making plans thereto, the economist was assigned the job of gathering data; and, hearing that the UN has assembled mountains of studies of the underdeveloped countries, got hold of them. There he found all the statistics, down to the last decimal, on population, income, industry, geography, etc. etc.

Before completing his own report—on which a good many tens of millions of investment dollars were going to depend—it occurred to him to make a few random tests of the UN figures. And lo and behold,

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it turned out time and again that they were based on nothing at all. A UN researcher would have visited, say, a district of Mamzania, and would have asked a local official how many persons, cows, acres or what not were in the area. The obliging official would say, with great assurance, "437" or "11,849" or whatever other figure he thought would be pleasing to his visitor; and down it would go in the UN record. But the figure, independently checked, would have no relation whatever to the reality: instead of the UN's documented "437" inhabitants there might be 246 or 20,589, and so with the cows and pigs and acres. The figures weren't just "rough" or "inaccurate"; they simply had no connection at all with the facts.

Of Hair: Being a Disquisition upon Its Abundance, Maintenance, Beauty, Significance, and Excellence

Somewhere to the east, on Walt Whitman's home island, a terrible contention has arisen between the elders of the public school and various of their charges, the matter being hair. The boys wish to let theirs grow—very long, very long, we know. The elders tell them to crop it, or be cast into oblivion.

And Jacob said to Rebekah his mother, Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man.

Youth will rebel. If they want to let their hair grow, so what? We're in favor of 1) liberty, which involves combing your hair to please yourself, and 2) opening all nonessential avenues of youthful rebellion, on the assumption that the Wild Ones, having exhausted their resources at the barber shop, will think twice before attempting the overturn of society.

Besides, as the elders know, hair comes and goes. Eventually we are all, to a man, cropped short. Even if it were not so, we should know that long hair rides the fashion cycle approximately inversely with ladies' patellas. Our Founding Fathers wore their hair so long they tied it in pigtails and dangled it down their backs. Jefferson in pigtails!

Andy Jackson, soldier, cut it short. Lincoln was a premature fuzzy-wuzzy. Grant in the Wilderness! William Jennings Bryan grew on his nape what God had denied his brow. And who but the great General George Custer went to Little Big Horn with yellow cascades of glorious hair tumbling down his shoulders (skull soon to follow)?

They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard. . . .

In religion it was ever sacramental. Let not the hand of man thwart what God wills. If God made man a bearded creature, then hairiness is holiness. What is the Russian patriarch, what the Greek Orthodox pontiff, what the Orthodox Rabbi, what the young Talmudic scholar, what our Simeon Stylites —without hair? It is even mythical in power. The Gorgon Medusa was monstered in the queerest way.

We all know what Delilah did to Samson.

Cut off thine hair, O Jerusalem, and cast it away, and take up a lamentation on high places.

When will Bobby Kennedy cut his?

Pity the poor Chinese. A smooth race. The ancients cultivated their wisps, hair by hair; a true wizard had a beard of twenty strands, and nine inches long, the symbol of a life well lived.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Friedrich Rotbart. Barbarossa. Redbeard. Bluebeard! Sleeping in his beard. Mumbling in his beard. Paderewski, the red mop, told Harold Bauer in London one day, running his hands over Bauer's thatch: "You have such marvelous hair, you should be a pianist."

Rachmaninoff followed Hoffman in cutting it short. Van Cliburn doesn't have that trouble. Everett Dirksen, for Gawd's sake! And then there's Georgeous George, the wrestler.

Male pulchritude always called for good thick wavy long hair. John Charles Frémont. It is, besides, a Mediterranean habit. In Latin America, without the exclamatory mustachio, you are nobody.

Socrates, in prison, old and condemned and bald as a rock, consoled himself with the pleasures of philosophy and the abundant ringlets of Alcibiades.

Yes, by the beard of the Prophet, the elders on Whitman's island are making damned fools of themselves. Let the boys grow it as long as it'll grow. And let the barber's lobby fight it out with the shampoo manufacturers. With Blake we sing:

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

Notes and Asides

HO HUM DEPT.

Atlantic	– 8.5%	(37,636 copies sold,
Harper's	– 5.7	42,626 average)
New Republic	–30.9	5,183
New Yorker	– 9.6	106,376
The Reporter	–16.1	4,409
Saturday Review	+7.6	33,667
National Review	+5.3	9,561

Above figures are Magazine Publishers Association's 1st 6 months '66 compared with same period, '65.

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Election 1966:

Conservatives, Sí

M. STANTON EVANS

The 1966 congressional elections may prove, among other things, that Barry Goldwater was two years before his time. Should present indications hold, the voting will turn principally on the issues Goldwater raised in 1964: more vigorous prosecution of the Vietnam war; the dangers of big government, big spending, and inflation; the baleful effects of rampant crime and "civil disobedience."

Republicans like Dwight Eisenhower, Ray Bliss and Gerald Ford have of late been hammering these subjects, which most GOP strategists believe will lead to Republican gains in the House of Representatives. Some estimates have gone as high as 75 seats (Everett Dirksen's surmise), but a more realistic view pares this to something like 25 or thirty. In addition, the GOP might pick up a half-dozen new senators and as many as eight new governors.

All of this is contingent upon the improvisations of the political maestro in the White House, whose Asian trip is viewed as a Democratic plus, and upon some recently developed uncertainties in the South. Even assuming minimal GOP gains, however, a pick-up of twenty or so Republican seats would do much to jar the Great Society to a halt, with consequent net gains for conservatism. It seems additionally clear that the bulk of the projected Republican victories—with some well-advertised exceptions—will be of the conservative variety. Here's what a section-by-section survey suggests:

The East

New England offers prospects of marginal Republican gains, with an outside chance of picking up a senator in New Hampshire. The GOP candidate against Democrat Thomas McIntyre is a war hero, General Harrison Thyng, who has urged a strong policy in Vietnam. Thyng's prospects depend on how well New Hampshire Republicans, fragmented since the death of Senator Styles Bridges, can pull together. Chances are also good of picking up a second GOP congressional seat in the comeback bid of former Rep. Louis C. Wyman.

In neighboring Maine, another race of interest to conservatives is the campaign of Peter Garland in the First Congressional District. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, the election will be a test of modern Republican strength, as E. Clayton Gengras tackles an entrenched Democratic machine and Bay State Attorney General Edward Brooke attempts to hold the Senate seat of retiring Leverett Saltonstall. Late reports indicate that Brooke, a top vote-getter in previous elections, is encountering more difficulty than anticipated.

Highlights of the New York election are return engagements by former Reps. Steven Derounian (Long Island) and John Pillion (Buffalo), both of whom overcame Liberal opposition to secure renomination. In the four-way race for governor, the Liberal Party's Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. could pull enough votes from the Democratic ticket to insure re-election of a none-too-popular Nelson Rockefeller. Of additional moment in the New York balloting are the efforts of the growing Conservative Party to secure the third line on the voting machine and a New York City referendum on John Lindsay's police review board. The election could exert a powerful influence on the careers of a half-dozen major figures—including Bobby Kennedy, who may not be completely intoxicated with the idea of having intraparty rival Frank O'Connor ensconced in Albany.

Other Eastern races to watch include the congressional bids of Pennsylvania conservatives George Goodling and James Weaver and the campaign of former New Jersey Senate leader Charles Sandman in that state's 2nd District. The presence of the Constitution Party on the Pennsylvania ballot is thought to improve the chances of maverick Democrat Milton Shapp against Scranton protégé Raymond Shafer, while New Jersey's ultra-Liberal GOPer Clifford Case should win going away.

The Border States

Not content with a World Series champion, Maryland has topped itself this year with the most curious election in the country. Baltimore contractor George P. Mahoney, perennial candidate and foe of "open" (i.e. forced rental) housing, carries the Democratic banner against Lindsay-style Republican Spiro T. Agnew. The latter is considered a favorite because the Democratic hierarchy has refused to give its backing to Mahoney. No changes are envisioned in nearby Delaware and West Virginia. Over in Kentucky, the big news is that the state's congressional delegation may be graced once more by the forceful presence of Gene Snyder, one of the nation's most effective and articulate young conservatives. In Missouri, Republican stalwarts Durward Hall and Thomas Curtis are favored for re-election, with the GOP given only a minor chance to come up with other congressional seats. Oklahoma Republicans are hoping to replace Liberal Democrat Ed Edmondson with State Senator Denzil Garrison of Bartlesville, an outstanding conservative.

The South

Political events in Dixie were supposed to follow a predictable pattern this year, with Liberals gravitating to the Democrats, conservatives to the Republicans. It hasn't worked out that way. In two states, Florida and Virginia, things went according to script, with the result that Republicans have

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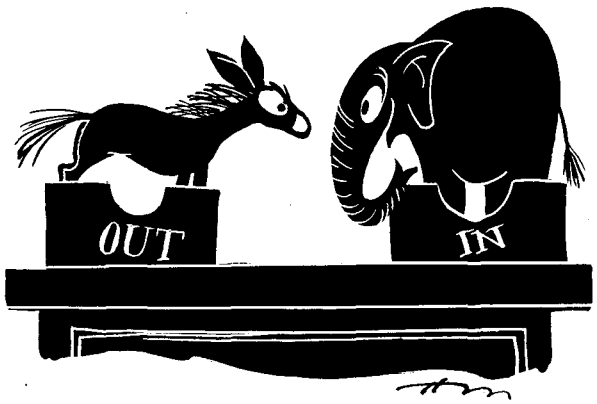
a fair shot at picking up the Florida governorship and a third congressional seat in Virginia. Elsewhere in Dixie, however, developments so confidently predicted a few months ago have not transpired.



This year's choice in most Southern states is between old-line middling-to-conservative Democrats and Goldwater Republicans. In Tennessee, former - segregationist - present-day - "moderate" Buford Ellington downed Kennedyite John Jay Hooker for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. In the Senate race, Frank Clement ousted Ross Bass, an *Ur*-Liberal by Southern standards, and goes against Republican Howard Baker Jr. This contest is now rated dead even. In Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas, Republicans find themselves squared off against segregationist Democrats Lester Maddox, Lurleen Wallace, and Jim Johnson. GOP Rep. Howard "Bo" Callaway had been considered a lock for the Georgia statehouse, but Maddox's upset primary win has clouded the picture. Similar problems confront conservative Rep. James Martin in Alabama and not-so-conservative Winthrop Rockefeller in Arkansas.

Texas and South Carolina feature the political rarity of two incumbent Republican senators from the South seeking re-election. The Texas pairing is similar to those in other states, with conservative Republican John Tower faced off against courthouse Democrat Waggoner Carr, but the political arithmetic works differently. Tower's real problem is the great popularity of Democratic Governor John Connally, his most vital asset the disgruntled Texas Liberals who don't like Connally or Carr and may stay home. South Carolina could be the GOP's best bet, since all the state's top offices are up and champion vote-getter Strom Thurmond heads the GOP slate. If Thurmond wins emphatically, he could carry in fellow Senate candidate Marshall Parker and gubernatorial hopeful Joseph O. Rogers, both staunch conservatives.

In Virginia, the Republican Party is hopeful of annexing Judge Howard Smith's seat and believes it can add J. Herbert Burke (Broward County) to the Florida GOP contingent in Congress (William Cramer and Ed Gurney). In addition, youthful Miamian Mike Thompson is waging an effective campaign against Liberal Democrat Dante Fascell. In Tennessee, conservative Dan Kuykendall, who pulled 46 per cent of the vote in 1964, is trying to oust ADA Democrat George Grider and increase the Volunteer State's Republican congressional representation to four.

In the Deep South states, the governorship races will determine the congressional outcome. A strong race by "Bo" Callaway could help carry his own 3rd District for his GOP replacement, the 10th (Roy Simkins), the 6th (G. Paul Jones), and the 5th (S. F. Thompson), where the retirement of incumbent Charles Weltner has boosted GOP chances. In Alabama, races by five solidly conservative GOP congressmen will vary directly with the fortunes of Jim Martin, as will the campaign of John Grenier in his Senate bid against Liberal John Sparkman. South Carolina Republicans should have no trouble holding the House seat of Rep. Albert Watson, and are optimistic about congressional campaigns being waged by John Grisso and Archie Odom; their neighbors directly to the north, already boasting conservative GOP congressmen Charles Jonas and Jim Broyhill, could gain two more if thirty-three-year-old James Gardner can improve his 1964 performance (48.2 per cent of the vote), and W. Hall Young can capitalize on redistricting which pared the strength of Democrat Basil Whitener.

A possible "sleeper" contest for Southern Republicans is the Senate battle being waged by GOP Congressman Prentiss Walker against Mississippi's James O. Eastland. Given virtually no chance when the campaign began, Walker has reportedly been making headway by tying Eastland to the national Administration. Should he come close in the November balloting, Walker might assure the election of State Rep. L. L. McAllister to Congress. Another potential upset against long odds is the New Orleans race of conservative GOPer Leonard Limes against House Whip Hale Boggs, a Liberal Democrat whose national responsibilities may be out of tune with Louisiana sentiments. GOP House seats are also a possibility in Arkansas (John Paul Hammerschmidt), and Texas (George Bush).

The Midwest

The Midwest offers a number of opportunities for GOP congressional gains, with particular emphasis on new, young candidates. In Ohio, where as many as a half-dozen seats might be gained, attention has focused on the drive of Robert A. Taft Jr. to replace Cincinnati Democrat John J. Gilligan. Standout GOPer John Ashbrook is involved in a duel-to-the-death with Democrat Robert Secrest, whom Ashbrook outpolled in their respective primaries. Other strong congressional races are being waged by youthful conservative Donald E. "Buz" Lukens and 10th District candidate Clarence E. Miller. Republican Governor James A. Rhodes is considered a shoo-in for re-election, and should help the congressional candidates.

Strong tides of voter resentment against the national Administration favor Republicans in Indiana, but a depleted GOP treasury may prevent the party from harvesting the discontent. The ticket is led by Secretary of State candidate Edgar Whitcomb,

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a hard-driving conservative. The only incumbent Republican congressman who seems under pressure is the dean of the delegation, former Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck. Republican gains are possible in the 8th (Roger Zion), 9th (John Lewis), and 7th (John Myers) Districts, although the GOP candidate is the underdog in each. The 5th (Ken Bowman) is an outside possibility.

Although Charles Percy's campaign against Paul Douglas has been the spotlighted contest in Illinois, the progress of Sheriff Richard Ogilvie in his race for the presidency of the Cook County board of Commissioners is considered by some politicos to be of greater importance. The office Ogilvie seeks is second in statewide leverage only to the governor's. Percy, whose '64 subordinates instructed voters on ways and means of splitting ballots between their man and Lyndon Johnson, is not very popular with Illinois conservatives. The state has many conservative GOP congressmen—John Anderson, Ed Derwinski, Paul Findley, Harold Collier, Bob Michel, John Erlenborn, Charlotte Reid, Les Arends, Robert McClory—all of whom should return to Washington next January. Republicans are also encouraged by the campaigns being run by State Rep. Thomas Railsback in the 19th District (Quad Cities), and John Hoellen in the 11th (Chicago suburbs).

Michigan, of course, features the effort of Governor George Romney to launch his Presidential campaign across the recumbent form of an unknown opponent, and to boost Senator Robert Griffin past the formidable challenge of G. Mennen Williams. Romney's purge of conservative elements in the Michigan party has been virtually complete, so that any congressional gains scored in the state will generally redound to the benefit of the "moderates."

Wisconsin's Republican Governor Warren Knowles is a prohibitive favorite to win re-election, as are congressional GOP leaders Melvin Laird and John Byrnes, and Republican Reps. Glenn Davis and Vernon Thomson. Additional seats may be gained from the strong races being run by former Rep. Henry Schadeberg (1st District), and youthful GOP leader William Steiger (Oshkosh). Should these two win, conservative representation in Congress would be enhanced.

Across the line in Minnesota, the GOP hopes to recapture control of the statehouse from a badly split Democratic-Farmer-Labor coalition. Should Republican Harold LeVander upend Democrat Karl Rolvaag, the already faltering ambitions of Vice President Hubert Humphrey would sag more perceptibly still. Reps. Albert Quie, Ancher Nelson, and Odin Langen should be back in the national capital come January, and GOP State Senator John Zwach is bidding aggressively for the seat of Democrat Alec Olson.

The Plains States

The pivotal state in Republican plans to come storming back in the U.S. House of Representatives is Iowa, a traditional stronghold of GOP sentiment. Democrats turned out everybody but the unflappable H.R. Gross two years ago, and the GOP is hoping for a comparable resurgence. Whether it succeeds, according to on-the-scene surveys, will depend largely on local issues in each district—although Secretary Orville Freeman's hoof-in-mouth disease is an unpopular item among Hawkeye agriculturalists. Six congressional seats are in the balance. Statewide races provide confusing cross-currents, with a strong Democrat (Governor Harold Hughes) and a strong Republican (Senator Jack Miller) seeking re-election. Both are favored at this writing.

Nebraska's election is a crucial one for GOP conservatives, with plain-talking, industrious Senator Carl Curtis engaged in the battle of his career with Governor Frank Morrison. Curtis is ruled a slight favorite at this writing, and if he wins convincingly could help put the Nebraska statehouse back in Republican hands. In that race, GOP candidate Norbert T. Tiemann opposes Liberal Democrat Philip Sorensen (Ted's younger brother). If the statewide races go heavily Republican, the GOP could also pick up Nebraska's third congressional seat. The party is favored to retain the two seats now held by conservatives Glenn Cunningham and Dave Martin.

Down the road in Kansas, the most Republican state in the union (all major offices in the hands of the GOP) is expected to stay that way. In South Dakota, Senator Karl Mundt should be re-elected easily, as should Governor Nils Boe and Reps. E. Y. Berry and Ben Reifel. In North Dakota, the GOP hopes for a net gain of one House seat, as Republican Thomas A. Kleppe challenges Democrat Rolland Redlin.

The Rockies

The Rocky Mountain states are fast becoming the most Republican area in the nation, providing the GOP with a half-dozen top-flight senators and four governors. GOP tacticians believe they can pick up more of both. A senatorial turnover is sought in Montana, where Republican Governor Tim Babcock opposes Democratic "dove" Lee Metcalf, and new statehouses in Nevada, where Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt is pressing incumbent Democrat Grant Sawyer, and Arizona, where Goldwater protégé Jack Williams opposes Democrat Sam Goddard. Also anticipated are GOP House gains by Sam Steiger in Arizona, Robert C. Davidson in New Mexico, Richard Smiley in Montana, Donald Brotzmann in Colorado, William Henry Harrison in Wyoming. A second Colorado seat and a pick-up of one in Idaho are other "possibles."

Needless to remark, the Republicans are hoping to hang on to what they already have in the Rockies, including the Wyoming Senate seat now held by Milward Simpson (contested by Republican Governor Cliff Hansen and Democrat Teno Roncalio), governorships in Idaho (Don Samuelson) and Wyoming (Stanley Hathaway); the Senate seats of Idaho's Len Jordan and Colorado's Gordon Allott; and outstanding Reps. John Rhodes of Arizona, George Hansen of Idaho, James Battin of Montana.

The West

The big election for Republicans this year is, of course, the California gubernatorial race being run by Ronald Reagan. If Reagan can best "Pat" Brown with sufficient authority, he could help pull several new Republican congressmen into office—among them Malcolm Champlin (Oakland),

(Continued on p. 1125)

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California: The Final Battle?

It worked against Knowland and Nixon, but will Pat Brown's smear-your-opponent technique pay off against Reagan? It's up to the Californians

MORRIE RYSKIND

What makes the California gubernatorial campaign so nerve-tingling is that it might well prove the final battle in the Civil War now raging between the conservatives who fly the banner of individual freedom and the neo-Liberals who advocate a welfarist new world. This, as the movie hero used to say as he went over the top, this could be it.

Now I am rather painfully aware that I have spoken similarly before—but I maintain the dangers I warned of were not entirely imaginary.

In 1940, though a registered Democrat, I gave my time and a fair amount of money to Wendell Willkie, primarily because I believed—and still do—that it is impossible to have a genuine representative republic if the term of the Chief Executive is not limited.

Russia and Germany and Italy all had Indispensable Men, but I thought it could never happen here, where we were steeped in the precepts of Washington and Jefferson. And I couldn't believe till the very last that Roosevelt would attempt to break our sacred if unwritten law against a third term.

But he did—and did it again in 1944. And, I suspect, would still be at it if he had not shuffled off this mortal coil.

He won—but in winning he dulled a vital instinct in the American genes, which, in spite of the 22nd Amendment, may never be the same again. The automatic reflex against Big Brother is gone.

Freedom loses a lot of bastions when the Indispensable Man comes along.

And I was screaming, "This is it!" in 1952 when Bob Taft, who had held the conservative banner aloft almost single-handedly during the lean years, was pitted against the Eastern Establishment. But Mr. Republican, though the clear choice of the grassroots, was euchered out of his just reward. And conservatism lost another great chunk of territory.

With the campaign of 1964, the collectivists of both parties united and almost drove us from the mainland. And if we lose this one, I see no possible Taiwan to which we can flee. This is truly it.

Not that a Reagan victory would immediately restore the 1787 doctrine of limited government and individual responsibility. But it would be a shot in the arm that might rally the faint-hearted and provide a base for the long, long trail back—a trail well-mined with the innocent-looking booby traps of the Great Society which have already blown up so many of our ancient bulwarks and decimated our ranks.

No, a victory here will not end the war, and all it offers is perhaps even more ferocious battles. In which case, I shall undoubtedly be crying, "This is it!" again—and it will be just as true. At its best, this can only be Trenton—with Yorktown still an eternity away.

Pat Brown's Modus Operandi

A wise football coach, in preparation for the big game of the season, will carefully study the TV clips of the enemy's previous contests. So it may be well to review the *modus operandi* of the Democratic field marshal, General Pat Brown, as revealed in two previous campaigns. Few commanders have employed the Grand Strategy of the Big Lie so successfully.

Like many other politicos, Brown in his private life—to which I devoutly pray he will be returned—is a good family man, a steady attendant at church, and an exemplary law-abiding citizen who would not dream of going through a red light. If even some long-time friends find him somewhat dull, surely that is hardly a cardinal sin. . . . Yet, once in the political arena, he throws away the Marquis of Queensberry rules and abides by Machiavelli.

His favorite trick is to deliver a couple of rabbit punches, poke his thumb into an opponent's eye during a clinch, and knee him under the belt. After which he will drop to the ground, writhing in agony and protesting to the refereeing electorate that he has just been most brutally fouled. So convincing is the act that there have been times when a guileless opponent has actually apologized and promised not to offend again.

It is, altogether, a tour de force that merits the accolade of *chutzpah*, that wonderful Yiddish expression reserved only for examples of simon-pure gall.

Now it happens—to hear Pat tell it—that he has never faced an honorable foe. Without exception, his adversaries have been the wretched representatives of ultra-sinister forces, and he wisely prefers not to dignify such extremists by meeting them in debate.

Thus in 1958, Knowland, forced as Senate leader to remain in Washington during the early part of the campaign, sent at least a dozen wires to Brown, asking him to choose the date for a public confrontation.

But the Governor was too busy to answer. He was running up and down the state telling the details of a monstrous plot he had unearthed. Knowland was really gunning for the Presidency and merely hoped to use Sacramento as a stepping-stone. If elected governor, he might never serve out his term, thus leaving the state completely defenseless.

Now it was no secret that Knowland hoped to do such a good job as governor that he would exercise considerable influence at the 1960 convention—enough, perhaps, to land the

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Presidential nomination. But there is certainly nothing monstrous in a man seeking to serve his state so well that his party would nominate him for its highest office. Usually the state—whether he has served two years or twelve—is fairly bursting with pride when a favorite son gets the bid. And the long line of governors who responded—Cox of Ohio, Al Smith and FDR of New York, and Stevenson of Illinois—would so indicate.

For that matter, if lightning hit twice and Bobby Kennedy should get the Democratic nomination in 1968 and Rockefeller the GOP top spot, how long do you think it would take the winner to desert New York? Both gentlemen, in spite of their protestations, have their running pants on even now.

But Brown contrived to make that sound like overweening ambition on Knowland's part—so effectively that Knowland, when he finally got around to campaigning, was forced to pledge, time and again, that he would serve out his term. And the same ploy was used—with the same results—against Nixon in 1962 and this year against Reagan.

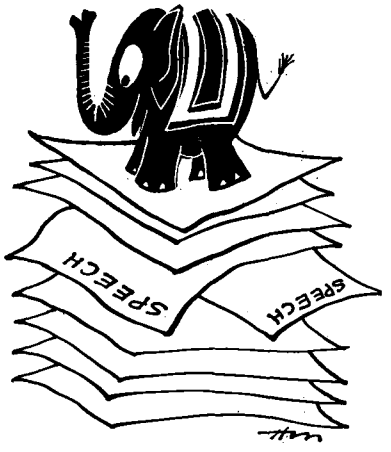
Yet, not many months after Brown's victory had dashed Knowland's hopes, Pat told a *Saturday Evening Post* interviewer that his overwhelming sweep might net him the 1960 Presidential nomination.

In which case, of course, it would not have been an evidence of overweening ambition, but a call to duty which no American could rightly refuse.

The convention, however, had other plans and Brown had to be content with leading the fight for Kennedy in California, which he promised to deliver to JFK by a plurality of well over a million. And when the photo-finish gave the 32 electoral votes to Nixon, there was Brown yelling "Foul" again: the reason Dick, long a favorite son, had carried the state was that California was simply crawling with anti-Catholic bigots. One logical inference from that inspired alibi was that the state's teeming bigots had not been aware of Pat's religion (RC) when they elected him governor.

In his own race against Nixon in 1962, Brown, as noted above, again used the ploy that Nixon had his mind on the White House, as, Heaven knows, he had. Some day, perhaps, a politico will stand up to this heinous charge and say, "I cannot tell a lie. I certainly have, and what's wrong with it? Isn't that the legitimate dream of every American?" But Nixon, like Knowland before him, went on the defensive and felt it incumbent to take the pledge he would serve out his term if elected.

And Pat had another wicked stiletto up his sleeve. Nixon's brother had engaged in some business venture—if memory serves, Howard Hughes



was one of the backers—which had fared badly. And daily on the hustings Brown kept charging that Nixon had been involved in a shady transaction and owed it to the public To Tell All.

In the one confrontation they had before the press, Nixon turned to Brown and said: "You have accused me of financial crookedness before many audiences. I now dare you, before these reporters and the television audience, to repeat that charge."

It was Nixon's best moment in the campaign—and Brown's worst. As Nixon stood quietly waiting, Pat stumbled and bumbled and finally mumbled he had never done any such thing. But, relentlessly, Nixon pointed to the newspapermen and said: "You've said that to every man there, and they've all told me so. Will you now repeat it?"

No snake ever crawled more on its belly than Brown—and an unpleasant sight it was. I thought the campaign was over then—and I'm certain it would have been had the Nixon forces made effective use of it. Far more dramatic than any Nixon talk on the so-called bread-and-butter issues would have been the reproduction of the scene that showed Nixon at his fighting best and a cowering Brown, caught with his charges down in all his embarrassing nakedness.

But I don't run campaigns—I'm the guy who pleaded publicly for Barry Goldwater to emulate LBJ and run for the Senate at the same time he ran for the higher office, so that, win or lose, he'd still have a Washington dais to speak from, remember?—and the Nixon advisers obviously thought that was that. And went on to other matters.

And Brown, once out of Nixon's sight, was shortly out on the hustings blandly repeating that Nixon had been involved in a questionable deal which he would not make public. "Can you trust a man like that?" the undisputed Chutzpah Champion would rhetorically ask.

Nixon stuck to the issues—a field where it takes two to tango—and Brown avoided them. And the Grand Strategy won again.

To give him credit, Brown did not bring up the ancient calumny that Nixon was anti-Semitic—but his followers did. I saw a placard with that innuendo—left over, obviously from the Presidential campaign—in front of a Democratic headquarters in the Jewish section, and commented on it in a column.

That brought a speedy response from the head of the local Anti-Defamation League who agreed (over the phone) that it was manifestly unfair and graciously promised to do something about it immediately.

But these things take time and, a few weeks later, the placard was still there. It did disappear after the election, however, so I must take it that the ADL good offices were not in vain. Still, if Nixon should run in 1968, I may take a look at that window again.

By this time you should know the enemy, and not be surprised that 1966 is, basically, just a replay of 1958 and 1962. Again Brown has built a straw man, endowed him with every hateful trait he could conceive of, and then shouted "Unclean!" as he tore the effigy to pieces.

A Reagan worker I just spoke to on the phone, obviously enraged, said "I have never seen such a dirty campaign before!" Now that is under-

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standable in a man who has known Reagan for years and is shocked to find him daily assailed as anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic and anti-labor. But to us older hands, it is the same old record with the same old tune.

It may be a little louder, perhaps, because Brown felt that he needed more decibels to overcome the circumstances under which he began his third-term bid. The national disaffection that has plummeted LBJ's popularity down from the stratosphere is present in California, too.

The high cost of living and the burdensome taxes—especially on the homeowner—are part of it. And then there are our local problems: the farmers whose crops had perished last year while Brown tried to do away with the *braceros* on whom our agriculture depends; Watts—and the Brown-Anderson delay in handling it; and the Berkeley riots.

And, above all, the non-war in Vietnam, which the intellectuals of the ultra-Liberal California Democratic Council, organized by Comptroller Alan Cranston, long Brown's good left arm, oppose with even more fervor than they demand the recognition of Red China and its admission to the UN. Things got so anti-Johnson here that Brown forced the dismissal of the CDC's president—now working with the New Left—and the installation of one who may feel the same but—I quote Brown—"is more discreet."

And some folk were frankly tiring of Aristides the Just—though that is not the sobriquet they were pinning on him.

Had Sam Yorty, mayor of Los Angeles, been able to finance a decent campaign on a state-wide basis, he might have won the Democratic primary. As it was, he came close enough to singe Brown's whiskers. The difference has been attributed to the votes, money and influence of the upstate labor bosses who are deeply committed to Brown—a euphemism for saying they own him, lock, stock and barrel—and who saw no advantage in trading a provenly obedient workhorse for a maverick who might not jump through their hoops.

If Brown underrated Yorty in that primary, he also underrated Reagan. He obviously felt that George Christopher, former mayor of San Francisco, would be his opponent in the big race. And so, while Brown was denouncing Yorty as a "paranoiac," his staff was digging up the old charges that Christopher had been convicted of selling milk at illegal prices, and slipping the details to Drew Pearson, who had a field day with several columns on the subject at the height of the primary campaign.

I doubt that the pieces changed a dozen votes, since those charges had been aired when Christopher was elected mayor. And Brown probably wishes he had bitten his tongue, since he has been wooing both the alleged psychotic and the alleged criminal.

Interestingly, the Maniacal Mayor is sitting this one out—thus, by indirection, at least, turning thumbs down on Brown.

On the other hand, Christopher, who in his first flush of anger filed a suit for several million dollars against Pearson, Brown et al., has dropped it and may endorse the Governor, though he had promised to abide by the result of the primary. The defeat may have rankled deeper than the charges of chiseling.

The price of his allegiance, he has informed Reagan, is that he must now agree—two years in advance—to support Senator Kuchel for renomination. Since this is the same Kuchel who refused to support Barry Goldwater and George Murphy and is still on the fence about Reagan, I almost sent Milkman Christopher a wire reading, "How now, Brown's cow?" You may be happy to learn that cooler heads prevailed and I never got the telegram off.

The Current Campaign

If the Reagan sweep astonished Brown and indicated he would be no pushover, Brown's campaign has, as I noted, not varied from what he would have done no matter whom he ran against. The Big Lie, repeated often enough and loud enough, is used to drown out any relevant issues that may inadvertently arise.

So from early August to this very moment have come almost daily a series of hair-raising exposés about Reagan's secret life that should, if true, clap him in jail for life despite any Supreme Court rulings. Indeed, were it not that Brown is opposed to the death penalty, I would go further.

The latest, for example, asserts that Reagan subscribes to and has endorsed *Human Events*. Unthinkable? But there is documentary proof.

But it would take more volumes than the Warren Report to detail them all, so I must content myself with just a few representative highlights.

In August, the Governors' Conference was held in Los Angeles, and Reagan was invited to address some of them at a local golf club. Quite naturally, he accepted the invitation.

My own Democratic congressman, Tom Rees, a worthy successor to his immediate predecessor, Jimmy Roosevelt, promptly made the headlines by asserting the club barred Jews from membership and that Reagan thus showed he habitually consorted with known anti-Semites. What made this Zolaesque breast-beating accusation especially effective was that Rees is a Gentile (and, for my part, you boys are welcome to him).

That, quite naturally, got quite a play in the little local papers of the Jewish section, in addition to the larger communications media. And coincidentally, the Anti-Defamation League sent a memorandum to all candidates, requesting them not to appear before any organizations that had religious or racial qualifications. Strictly adhered to, that might prevent a nominee from appearing before the ADL itself.

At any rate, Reagan wrote back that he had indeed lunched at the club and had done so without malice or bigotry. And added that he saw no harm in it, since Pat Brown was an honorary member of said club and, indeed, had played a round of golf there just a few days before.

But that story did not appear in the local Jewish papers and many of them still warn that Reagan is anti-Semitic. Obviously, the same rules don't apply to a member of the Establishment. That wouldn't be kosher.

Nor has the Washington Zola found occasion to mention the subject again.

In commenting on the incident, I drew a letter from the same ADL spokesman who had taken care of the anti-Nixon placard of 1962 for me. "All candidates were sent identical letters, and the only ones who have intimated partisanship are Reagan

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and you. I wonder if the shoe isn't pinching.

"What intrigues me," the letter went on, "is how you know about this correspondence between the ADL and Mr. Reagan."

Well, there he had me and I was forced to admit that I paid two of Reagan's secretaries to filch all his important papers and photostat them for me. But doesn't everybody?

Up popped Alan Cranston to assume the Zola role Rees had abdicated. He produced a lengthy document, on which he said he had worked for months, to show that many of Reagan's backers were racists, anti-Catholics as well as all the other antis.

The question is, why did it take Cranston all those weary months? He could have got the same result—and much of the same verbiage—from a half hour with *Danger on the Right,* that objective and authoritative volume that links, by innuendo, anybody who is starboard of Dore Schary, all the way from Gerald L.K. Smith to Dwight Eisenhower.

I recognized three of the names on the list of the secret cabal, and was somewhat shocked to find two of the gentlemen, Henry Salvatori and Patrick Frawley, were secretly anti-Catholic. I've known them well and never suspected a thing.

I know the third gentleman, too, Dean Manion, former head of the Notre Dame Law School. Though fond of him, I've never felt quite the same way about him since I discovered he raised horses on the side—*Arabian* horses, yet.

And Then There's Labor

The labor bosses, fettered by the vicious, yellow-dog Taft-Hartley Act, under which they are unable to obtain a living wage or strike for their rights, are naturally in Brown's corner. George Meany, his chains clanking, has given orders from his palatial suite of cells in the Bastille that Reagan, notorious oppressor of the working classes, must be defeated.

The peons have responded nobly, and the state AFL-CIO, representing 1.5 million wage slaves, has promised $3 million for the kitty. And in letters from business managers to each member and in every union sheet there are reminders that $2 a head is the least expected and pledges of "at least three hours for campaign work" will be welcome.

What is stressed over and over is that Reagan endorses right-to-work. Now I happen to believe in that controversial doctrine, but Reagan, then head of the Screen Actors' Guild, opposed it vigorously when the issue came before the electorate in 1958.

You would think, then, that even Ananias would have blushed at such a palpable falsification of the record—but not these babies. Neither facts nor the Geneva Conventions apply in this war. The unions halls are festooned with Brown banners—and even those who know better are afraid to complain.

But not all—meet Rollie Peterson. Some weeks ago, the Executive Board of the L.A. Union of Operating Engineers voted $50,000 from the treasury to Brown's campaign.

But Rollie Peterson was for Reagan, and took exception to having his dues used for a candidate not of his choice. And, when the Board wouldn't listen, he took the matter to the courts—and almost immediately lost a job. Now life is full of such freak coincidences, but I thought it worth mentioning.

Shortly afterward, Peterson got another job through the union—so his lawyer wrote me—which appears to be permanent. The publicity may have helped, but the main reason, I guessed, was that enough resentment had been stirred up in the rank and file to cause the Board to step more warily.

And so it proved. The Board called a general membership meeting on the $50,000 contribution, and the business manager of the 22,000-member local predicted overwhelming ratification of the raid on the treasury.

But the boys said "Nuts!" to the script and rewrote it entirely. Their ballots made it emphatically clear that any disposal of treasury funds is the province of the membership, not of the Board. And the fifty grand remains in the union treasury.

Maybe it wasn't a total Reagan victory, for I have no doubt that many of the mutineers will still vote for Brown. But it's a straw in the wind, hinting strongly that the roots of the tradition of limited government and individual responsibility have not altogether withered.

One recent item as an example of Brown's virtuosity: when the San Francisco riots broke, Brown flew up there and this time ordered the National Guard out without delay. And his first comment was, "How lucky the people are to have a governor, instead of an actor, at a time like this."

And the next day, obviously fearing the backlash of the riots, he demanded in a TV appearance that neither party should try to make hay out of San Francisco. And didn't even snicker as he said it.

The Reagan Campaign

What of the Reagan campaign? Alas, I cannot record any such bravura stunts, such spectacular somersaults here. But Reagan has toured every inch of the state, speaking on local problems, on which he has some excellent position papers: agriculture, taxes, the crime rate, the welfare programs, education, academic freedom and student license, labor-management relationships—the genuine problems of the state. When he has attacked Brown, it has been only on his record. The crowds have been good and his reception often enthusiastic.

There are obviously many, if quieter, things working for him, too. Particularly a large segment of Democrats, some long associated with Brown, who have had their fill of him. I have talked with some and it is clear that a good many Yorty backers are now safely in Reagan's corner.

The question—and nobody will know the exact answer till the results come in—is whether his logic can prevail over Brown's decibels in the minds (should I say the ears?) of the electorate.

In June, after the primary, the pollsters showed Reagan ahead 52 to 37—with 11 per cent undecided. That made it look like a landslide, especially in a state Democratic by 3 to 2.

Just before September, those same pollsters said Pat had narrowed the gap and cut Reagan's lead from 46 to 43—with the same undecided percentage.

And our Liberal commentators have predicted that Brown would repeat his two previous performances of coming from behind and be in the

(Continued on p. 1125)

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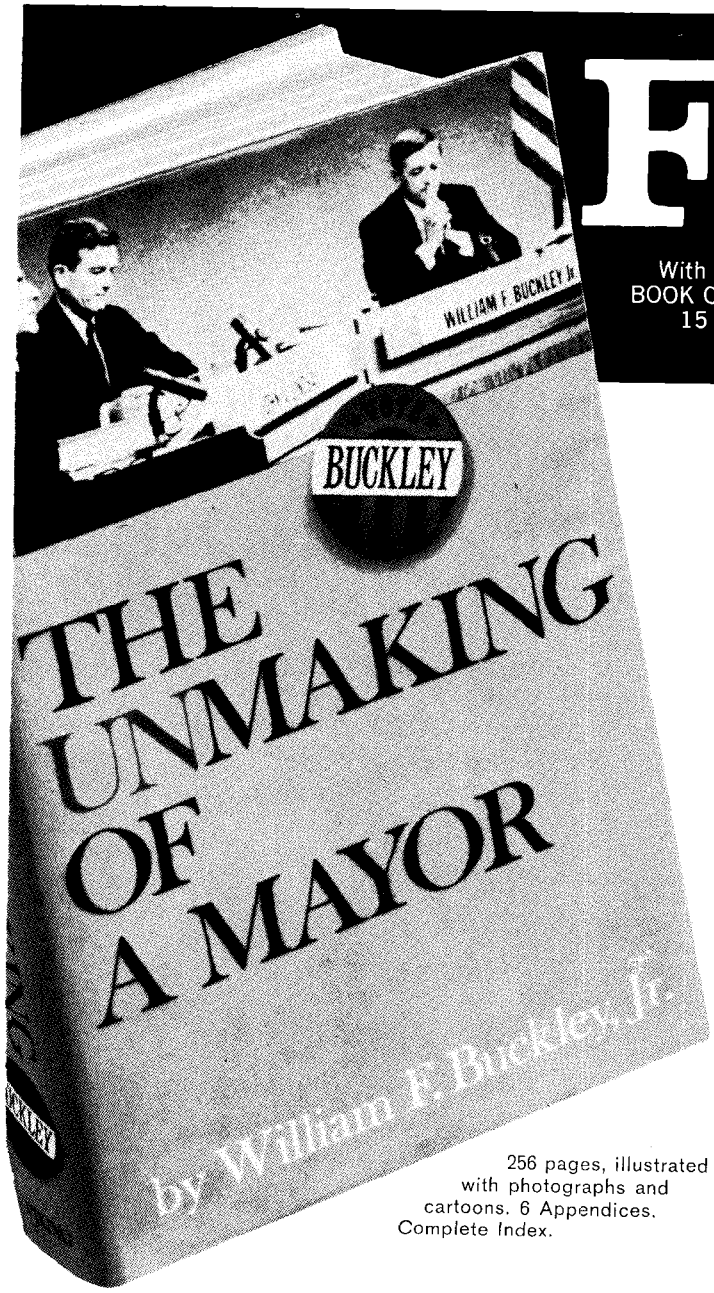

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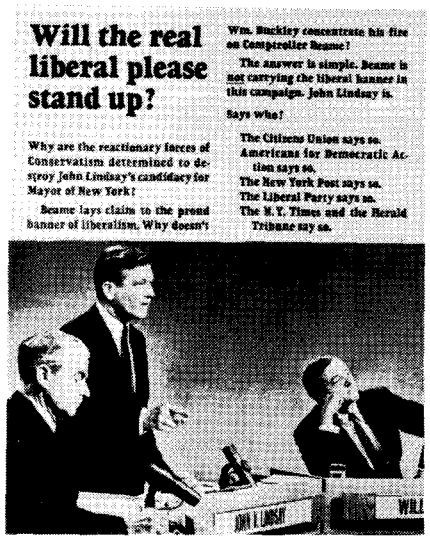
"James Baldwin told me the other day that he does not blame the residents of Harlem for throwing garbage out of their windows, that that is their form of protest. Would we, by the same token, be entitled to throw our garbage out the window when John Lindsay passes by?"

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Long, Minneapolis Tribune
Even the Minneapolis **Tribune** went witchhunting over Manhattan.


Will the real liberal please stand up?
Wm. Buckley concentrate his fire on Comptroller Beame?
The answer is simple. Beame is not carrying the liberal banner in this campaign. John Lindsay is.
Says who?
The Citizens Union says so.
Americans for Democratic Action says so.
The New York Post says so.
The Liberal Party says so.
The N.Y. Times and the Herald Tribune say so.
Why are the reactionary forces of Conservatism determined to destroy John Lindsay's candidacy for Mayor of New York?
Beame lays claim to the proud banner of liberalism. Why doesn't

New York Herald Tribune
The real one **is** standing up.

Truman Moore, Life Magazine, © Time Inc.
The candidate relaxes at home with his beautiful wife Patricia.

New York Daily News Photo
With running mates Rosemary Gunning and Hugh Markey.

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But if Buckley added a serious note to the campaign, he also made it fun. Emerging from an off-the-record luncheon with New York *Times* editors, Buckley was asked jocularly by NBC's Gabe Pressman how he felt on leaving the Times Building. "As though I had just passed through the Berlin Wall," shot back WFB. "What is the first thing you would do if elected?" Pressman asked. "Hang a net outside the window of the editor," said Buckley.

Smear Tactics, Lindsay Style

Buckley documents the cynicism and hypocrisy with which the Lindsay team cried out against hate mongering while their aides were busy fanning the flames of ethnic hatreds wherever they thought it would get them some votes. The author reproduces a tape-recorded conversation on which one of Lindsay's top Liberal henchman used the vilest language imaginable in making general reference to Irish New Yorkers. And there is a fascinating exchange between Buckley and Democratic candidate Abe Beame, who ultimately submitted to an inner decency and whispered an *apology* for his role in the smear attempt against Buckley.

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On the Right

Is There an Alinsky in Your Future?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mr. Saul Alinsky of Chicago is becoming very fashionable; indeed churches and civic groups are vying for his favors, and he may be popping up any one of these days in your town. For a fee, Mr. Alinsky contracts to come into your city and, so to speak, bust up the joint. His purposes, needless to say, are noble, like the Jacobins' in France, who sought to break up the power structure so as to release the energies and increase the opportunities of the lower class.

Mr. Alinsky is twice formidable. For one thing, he is very close to being an organizational genius. For another, Alinsky has a way of making practical idealists feel sort of foolish—by brushing aside their efforts to help the poor or the racial minorities as ventures in futility. Mr. Sargent Shriver he dismissed as a hypocrite, a "political pornographer." In Rochester, New York, the leaders of the city themselves are most admirably progressive, and yet Alinsky has calmly denounced them for having "transported a Southern plantation up to the North."

Alinsky cannot abide men of reason or conciliation. He thrives on strife, the more the better, and especially relishes the opposition when it is tough. Add to all of this a penetrating sense of irony. "An integrated neighborhood," he once observed, "is defined as the length of time between the arrival there of the first Negro, and the departure of the last white."

In Chicago, Alinsky has been very active since 1960 in the so-called Woodlawn project which took on the mayor, the newspapers, and the University of Chicago. There Alinsky's tactics became famous—among them the dispatching of sit-ins to City Hall or anywhere else where the administrative congestion was likely to be tight. Mostly he likes to deploy ministers and priests, since he recognizes that the police feel a certain spiritual reluctance to take these sainted gentlemen by the scruff of the neck and toss them into the paddywagons.

In Rochester, Alinsky was recently retained, with exactly what objective it isn't absolutely clear except that it has to do with bettering life there for Rochester's 35,000 Negroes. A group called FIGHT (the initials stand for the usual things) was organized, open only to Negroes, and the militants elected as their leader an ordained gentleman who refers to himself as "Minister Florence." Minister Florence and his associates are separatist-oriented—indeed the Minister himself wears a Black Power button, and volubly admires the late racist, Malcolm X—and clearly resent their dependence on Mr. Alinsky and all other white people.

In this sense he is a good disciple of Mr. Alinsky, who specializes in doubting the motives of anyone who disdains the revolutionary approach to social reform. It is sometimes difficult to understand why Mr. Alinsky fights to remove human beings from slums, since it is so very clear that his hatred for the slums is exceeded only by his hatred for those who have moved out of them. There are those in Rochester who wonder despairingly how one can work one's way into Mr. Alinsky's affections these days, except by going to live in the squalor from which he is ostensibly engaged in liberating one?

We were all of us, everyone in America, poor at one time—in some cases at times remote, to be sure; at some point back it was true even of the forefathers of Nelson Rockefeller. The 16th Earl of Home patiently observed to his carping critic in the House of Commons that he was bound to suppose that Mr. Wilson was the 16th Mr. Wilson. The point, surely, in Rochester and elsewhere, is to ease the way out of the slums; and the way to do that surely is not to overturn the order by which the overwhelming majority of Americans rose up out of poverty.

Mr. Alinsky takes the iconoclast's pleasure in kicking the biggest behinds in town, and the sport is not untempting; but when it becomes the passion of a whole society it must invoke, as the Jacobins invoked in Edmund Burke, the interdictory reflections of all serious men. Already Mr. Alinsky's deputy in Rochester has put a genocidal edge upon his rhetoric, as though the hatred that has done so much misery to his own people should serve now as the key to their emancipation.

Minister Florence has a great deal to learn, and the question of course is how high a price will the decent people of Rochester, white and black, need to pay to finance his moral education. And the larger question is: when will the greater community force its thinking through on Saul Alinsky, sufficient to ask whether the end justifies any means; and whether the progress and good feeling they seek are likely to be induced by the totalist tactics of a man of anarchist bent.

A
B
C
D
E

School Days

School days, school days,
Dear old break-the-rule days;
Threading a Molotov Cocktail wick,
Taught to the tune of a chick from "Snick."
You bugged the Dean at Berkeley so,
I let my hair and *toenails grow . . .*
You wrote on my slate: "Magnifico!"
When we were a couple of ids.

W. H. von Dreele

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HUNGARY IN REVOLT NOVEMBER 1956

Between October 23 and November 9, 1956 the people of Hungary rose in armed revolt against the Communist dictatorship, until Soviet tanks crushed the people in a remorseless blood-bath.

The text accompanying these pictures is taken from NATIONAL REVIEW *reports and comment of November 1956, by Stanley Parry, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Frederick Wilhelmsen, and the Editors. The radio messages were sent from various locations in Hungary until, on November 9, their regular broadcasts were abruptly silenced.*

A student uprising sparked the rebellion, and the issues at stake are issues concerning truth itself, not some narrow national interest. The attempt was hopeless from the beginning; there was no temporal purpose behind it, but rather a purpose whose farthest reaches escape the bounds of history, and whose full significance can be grasped only in the perspective of the struggle between Michael and Lucifer, between Christ and Satan.

The sacrifices made in Hungary will not have been in vain if they teach the confused minds of Christendom this truth. But those sacrifices will have produced their full fruit only when the spirit behind them takes root in each of us.

For us, therefore, it remains to resolve that the struggle so nobly begun shall never cease.

All photographs by Michael Rougier, LIFE Magazine.
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They were sure that if they revolted, if the Russians were confronted with the solid ranks of a nation ready to fight, ready to die, then the Red Army would withdraw in the face of world opinion and of the moral and military might of the United States, the United Nations and NATO.

The only mistake they made was to expect aid from us. In this Hungary thought too highly of us. We have wrung our hands and passed resolutions.

It is fair to conclude that President Eisenhower has behaved, *vis-à-vis* Hungary, with fastidious reference to the postulates of American foreign policy so carefully laid down by our mentors, European and American, in the past years.

Of course, one has to bear in mind that East Europeans, in the eyes of the "civilized West," were always expendable; after all they were less "enlightened," clean, constructive, level-headed, literate, technologically minded than the liberal and "progressive" nations of the North. They were simply "Bohunks." Neither in Britain nor in the United States would public opinion ever have tolerated the Soviet Union's dealing with a Nordic country in the same summary way as with Poland.

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OUR SHIP IS SINKING. LIGHT IS FAILING, THE SHADOWS GROW DARKER EVERY HOUR OVER THE SOIL OF HUNGARY LISTEN TO THE CRY, CIVILIZED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD, AND ACT ...

(Unidentified Free Radio, Location Unknown, November 4.)

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That hour of history has now passed.

Everything can now be dated Before Hungary and After.

The air has cleared. It is an air clear like a cemetery before dawn.

I take this as the central fact of the mid-century. If one listens to the refugees from Hungary, their eyes red from sleepless nights, their cheeks hollow from hunger, to these human wrecks tottering over the Austrian border, then one sees the terrible extent of the misunderstandings which have resulted in this carnage.

The hapless Hungarians had no commentator at their elbow; they understood the repeated declarations of Americans in most responsible positions as real invitations to insurrection and not merely as consolations for capital errors committed in the past by the U. S. Government or as devices to please the immigrant vote.

The average Hungarian listened with bated breath to these official messages, broadcast by a variety of radio stations.

The Hungarian refugees arrived in Austria with a feeling of boundless astonishment and disillusionment.

So this was the famous Free World of the West! The Western world was rich, it was kind, it was free – but where was its sense of honor?

Perhaps everything will be saved – except honor.

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JUST NOW IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED FROM KISVARDA THAT... MANY THOUSANDS OF TANKS ARE POURING INTO OUR COUNTRY. MOTORIZED INFANTRY IS ADVANCING TO NYIREGHAZA. NEW RUSSIAN UNITS ... IT IS A MIRACLE THAT OUR COUNTRY STILL EXISTS...

(Radio Free Miskolc, October 30.)

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ATTENTION, RADIO FREE

EUROPE

... ATTENTION WE REQUEST

IMMEDIATE INFORMATION.

IS HELP COMING

FROM THE WEST ...

(Radio Free Vac, November 4.)

The enormity of the crime committed by the Russian Army in Hungary cannot be measured in human terms.

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London's Clubland

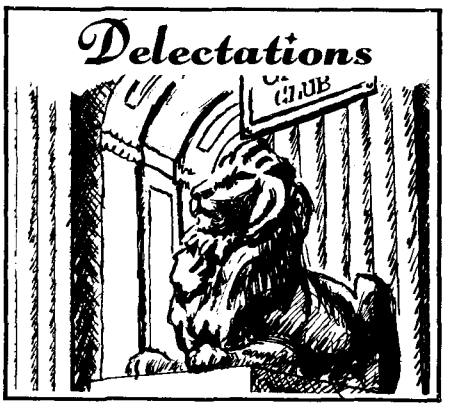
ALEC WAUGH

If you want a useful clue to the tastes, personality and status of an Englishman of over forty, ask him which is his club. England is very small; nearly every established Englishman has matters of a business or a social nature to transact in London. A club is a necessity for him. Very likely he has two or three. Soames Forsyte "belonged to two clubs, 'the Connoisseur' which he put on his cards and seldom visited and 'the Remove' which he frequented." Very few men nowadays put their club on their cards; a great many, indeed, do not have calling cards at all, but the distinction is still valid. My brother Evelyn and myself had at various points along the course three clubs in common—the Beefsteak, Pratt's and the Savile, but the basic difference that there was between us is indicated by the fact that his main club was White's, while mine is the Athenaeum. Both are "pillars of the Establishment"; but whereas White's is fashionable and Tory, the Athenaeum is academic and unpolitical. I feel more at home in the one, Evelyn was happier in the other.

My pocket diary lists the addresses and telephone numbers of 38 principal London clubs. There are Service and University clubs; there are political clubs like the Carlton and the Reform. The Caledonian is obviously Scottish; the Travellers and the East India and Sports cater particularly for those who have spent a large part of their life abroad. Diplomats go to the St. James. There is the Turf for the racing man. The stage patronizes the Eccentric, the Garrick and the Savage. Novelists who like to think of themselves as centipedes with a foot in a hundred different worlds, scatter themselves down the list. No club is exclusively one thing or another; which is why many men have several clubs.

His clubs are very important for an Englishman; not only as a status symbol, which of course they are, but because they fulfill a special need. We are islanders at birth, and however far and wide we travel, we remain islanders at heart. We live in such close proximity to one another, we all know so much about each other, that in order to retain our privacy, our individual identity, we have to draw fences round ourselves. Max Beerbohm in one of his most charming essays describes how he passed in a London street a large house in ruins. He checked and reflected sentimentally on this destruction of what had been someone's home. As he examines the ruins, he suddenly recognizes that it is a special kind of house. "It was more than a home; it was a home against many homes. It was a club." That is a pertinent description of a London club.

Because of our peculiar educational system, the Englishman has a need for masculine society that Americans and French do not have. Most of us go to a boarding school at nine, if not



before. Then there is a University or the army, often both. For eight months of the year during our twelve most formative years we spend our time exclusively in masculine society. A need for masculine society is grafted on to us. Moreover we get to know extremely well the men we grow up with, at school, in the army and during those first years when we are finding our feet in the open market. We never get to know so well or be known so well by the men we meet in later life. We need to go on meeting those early friends, to compare notes with them. But it is not always easy.

Most men are married by their later twenties, and male friendships and marriage do not go together like a horse and carriage. It is not that wives do not welcome their husband's friends, but that they do not necessarily get on with those friends' wives. Women, not unnaturally, prefer to choose their own women friends. Moreover there is often a difference of social and financial standing between the wives. Some men go up faster in the world than others. When the home life of two men friends is on different levels, it is difficult for them to meet on equal terms in each other's homes.

There is an amusing passage in *Babbitt,* where Babbitt meets at a college reunion two old friends, one of whom has prospered more than he has, the other less. The one who has done less well invites Babbitt and his wife to dinner. Nothing goes quite right. Mrs. Babbitt on her return asks plaintively, "We don't have to ask them back, do we?" Then Babbitt invites his prosperous friend. It is not a success, and at the end of the evening, the affluent wife says precisely the same thing, "We don't, do we, have to ask them back?" Even when the wives of two men happen to like each other, the future is uncertain. Marriages tend to dissolve, and a second wife is distrustful of her predecessor's friends. If a man wants to go on seeing his old friends on equal terms, there is only one place where he can be sure of doing so, in his club.

London club life has altered considerably since I first became a member of the Savage, nearly fifty years ago. Clubs are much less prosperous, since expenses have risen so steeply and fewer men have a multiplicity of clubs. Moreover more men live out of the center of London. Mayfair is no longer residential. A number of clubs have been forced to amalgamate. The high wages of the staff have necessitated early closing in the evenings. Members cannot sit late over their port. At lunchtime clubs are crowded, because more men seem to work in offices, but most clubs are empty in the evening. There is indeed a gloomy atmosphere about dinner in the average conventional club. Diners are expected to have begun their meals by eight and that is early when cocktail parties do not start till half past six. A club coffee room in the evening always gives the feeling that nobody is there from choice; something has gone

(Continued on p. 1125)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Fugitive British Doctors

RUSSELL KIRK

At least one out of every three young doctors recently graduated from British medical schools already has gone abroad to practice his profession where it is better rewarded and more honored, or will seek a post abroad in the immediate future. The minister of health in Mr. Wilson's government murmurs ominously that measures should be taken to prevent this flight of physicians. Thus the condition of the British man of medicine becomes more servile.

Over the past decade, an average of five hundred doctors have left the United Kingdom every year. This number grows apace. Today, the British National Health Service has 750 fewer general practitioners than it had five years ago, despite the increase of population; while the number of specialists and consultants, too, is inadequate.

Kirk

One reason for this exodus is the lack of adequate reward. Under socialized medicine, the British general practitioner is paid thirty shillings per patient per year—that is, about $5.20, or less than nearly any American doctor charges for a single consultation at his office. For this pittance, the British doctor must provide the patient with whatever services the patient thinks he may require, including unlimited house calls. For a tolerable income, then, a doctor must have some two thousand patients on his rolls—even an experienced practitioner. The beginning doctor attached to a hospital is said to average a recompense of perhaps two shillings elevenpence (forty cents) a working hour—about half the sum one would pay a charwoman. At least one such doctor has applied for public assistance—welfare—to assist his family—and has been refused.

The Minister of Health declares that, directly or indirectly, the British government spends about ten thousand pounds to educate a doctor—so the young physician ought to be grateful, and stay home. This takes no account of what the doctor spends himself. A forty-year-old doctor who has just been made a hospital consultant now hopes that after two or three years, with his increased salary, he may at last succeed in paying off the debts that have dogged him ever since he entered medical school.

So the pecuniary motive is the product not of professional greed, but of professional necessity. The Wilson government's fixing of incomes has denied the doctors the modest increase of pay they were promised months ago. Inflation compels them to pack their bags and seek a tolerable livelihood in Canada, the United States, New Zealand, South Africa, or any country where the doctor is treated as something better than a serf of the state.

Another motive to emigration is the immense burden of work heaped upon the conscientious doctor. The demand for medical attention, like many other demands, is insatiable—supposing the commodity is free to the consumer. Since the British patient pays nothing to the doctor, except through his compulsory national health insurance deduction, the patient demands services with a frequency he would not think of demanding, did he pay even half the cost of attendance. Incidentally, all medicines prescribed under the National Health apparatus—even aspirin tablets—have been made free again, by the doctrinaires of the Wilson government. Because of the bureaucratic paperwork involved in this largesse, the cost of supplying minor drugs sometimes is quadrupled, or worse, by this scheme. The restoration of a nominal charge for a prescription would suffice to defray the whole cost of the salary-increase that the British Medical Association seeks; but the Labor government makes it an article of faith that no one should have to pay sixpence for medicine.

Two decades ago, when the British National Health Service was established by act of Parliament, Mr. John Strachey, that leading light of the New Order, predicted that under socialism the lives of English people might be prolonged indefinitely. What of the reality, in 1966?

Why, more than half a million British people are on long waiting-lists for hospital services—and this backlog grows greater daily. Patients may have to wait seven *years* for treatment of hernias or varicose veins. Confessing that hospital doctors have too much to do, recently the Ministry of Health decreed the curtailment of many hospital services, to reduce the doctors' load. This, however, throws a proportionate burden upon the dwindling general practitioners. The needs of old people are especially pressing—and neglected. Some ten thousand elderly folk are on hospital waiting-lists, and not a few of these will not live long enough to find a hospital bed. O glorious socialism!

In London hospitals, a great many of the doctors are Pakistanis or Indians, because the English doctors have emigrated. Buckland Hospital, in Dover, has closed its casualty department, because no doctor can be found; patients needing emergency treatment now have to travel miles to hospitals in Folkestone or Canterbury. St. Mary's Hospital, on the Isle of Wight, also has lost its casualty doctor, so that patients must go to Ryde, twenty-two miles distant. The Wessex Regional Hospital expects to close its casualty department, and patients will have to be transported to another county—if they survive the journey. Examples might be multiplied.

"Let culture perish, that equality may thrive!" cried the socialist zealots of the French Revolutionary age. In our own time, the socialist doctrinaire proclaims, in effect, "Let healing perish, that equal medical treatment be furnished to all!" But Mr. Harold Wilson and his ministerial colleagues doubtless still will be able to consult a Harley Street specialist or two, in time of need.

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His Own Biographer

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Biography is of two kinds—that which proceeds from the biographer and that which had already proceeded from the subject of the biography in letters and diaries. The latter are vastly more valuable and entertaining. They can be private and agonizing and never intended to see the light of day. And Randolph Churchill takes as his theme for the biography of his father "He shall be his own biographer." This first of five projected volumes covers Winston's early days at home, at schools; struggles betwixt life in the army and journalism; wars in Cuba, India, Egypt, South Africa. The death of Queen Victoria finds him lecturing in America. The new century and new reign will require a new volume.

These years were difficult for the Churchills. Winston's father, Lord Randolph, had married into the tail-end of Leonard Jerome's fortune-making. Jerome's widow and daughters were left in continual straits, a situation which Winston greeted by the words—"in fact we are damned poor." (No other famous Englishman has left such papers.) The curtains rise on unhappy school days, though his own verdict must be revised in view of this new material. The Harrow Headmaster, as attested in his letters, could not have done more to rescue and encourage this difficult and derelict schoolboy, and he succeeded. Rightly, the Harrow chapter is illustrated by his portrait and those of the masters who taught Winston French, mathematics and history. He had been squeezed into Harrow and thence, with much cramming by expensive crammers, was squeezed into Sandhurst.

His father's adjurations are difficult to believe, but in the slow and ghastly years following Lord Randolph's resignation he was going mad. In the end Lord Rosebery wrote his tragic epitaph: "There was no curtain, no retirement. He died by inches in public." Winston's love and pride in his father (whose verbal castigations he met finally by passing very high out of Sandhurst) never ceased.

Winston S. Churchill: Youth, 1874-1900, by Randolph S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin, $10

After his father's death in 1895, Winston instantly took over the headship of the family and as a young man sought matrimony, but in vain. A page illustrates some of the beauties whom he admired. Correspondence with Pamela Plowden shows how deeply both felt for each other in vain. The beautiful Muriel Wilson refused him, amongst others. Even amongst his relations he had a harum-scarum repute. He was criticized and reviled on all sides. Like his father he was serenely contemptuous of all who called him names. The year of Lord Randolph's death also saw Winston's first visit to America, where he made a new friend who gave him his first lessons in oratory and world politics—Bourke Cockran. In this way Cockran even took his father's place. A startling letter from Adlai Stevenson places this point beyond doubt. Cockran was the orator of the Democrats and Irish-Americans in Cleveland's day.

For a time Winston settled down betwixt frontier wars and polo championships in India, but he found time to read Macaulay and Gibbon, Plato's *Republic* and Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*. Reade had more effect on young men in those days than Darwin in the dispersal of Christianity. Winston accepted Reade but did not believe that humanity could dispense with the comfort, joys and toys of religion. In a most remarkable letter, he writes: "Till then, anyone who deprives us of our illusions is a wicked man and should (I quote my Plato) be refused a Chorus." Historians will find it difficult to understand Winston's religious sense, but it is clear that like Socrates he owned something like a "daemon" from which he took advice, and most certainly he believed like Napoleon in a Star or Destiny.

His physical advance can be traced through this volume. He drove unsparingly what he considered his small, slight and feeble body. At Harrow he mastered fencing and swimming. At Sandhurst he mastered riding and in India played first-class polo with an injured shoulder. It is important to realize that in those early days he could call on what he called his "Jerome constitution," which made an athlete and even an ascetic of him, thanks to six generations of Puritan New England blood.

His financial slough can also be traced in this volume. At the beginning, to help him face the world his mother allowed him £200, rising to £500 a year. In the end his brother could not afford the University and both had to halve their patrimony to pay their mother's debts. He certainly had not the money to enter the Guards or to fight an election into the House of Commons. He was not wanted in the London clubs, which made the expensive introduction for young men who wished to live in town. Two relatives, Lord Castlereagh and Colonel John Leslie, se-

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cured his entrance into the Turf Club. Duchess Lily (Marlborough) with her Hammersley millions no doubt helped him with presents—his first typewriter, his first charger, his first racing pony. There were other helpers of this ambitious youth, but far more who disliked and frustrated him, most of all the future Lord Kitchener.

In Victorian days there was a strict line of behavior laid for younger sons of the aristocracy, indeed for all public school men; their behavior to ladies in private and public, their dress in the streets, behavior during games, out riding, out shooting, in fact everywhere. The rest of mankind were classified as second-raters, cads and bounders. Winston no doubt infringed the unwritten law very freely. Even his well-wisher, Dr. Welldon, had written him before he left for India: "I implore you not to let your wild spirits carry you away to any action that may bring dishonor on your school or on your name. It is impossible that I should not hear of your follies and impertinences if you are guilty of them, and you will put a severe strain upon my friendship when other people speak of you with indignation or contempt." Winston wrote a "powerful vindication" in return.

With his mother he was continually exchanging even more powerful financial vindications. They were both equally ambitious and egotistical characters. Winston's sole object in army life was to enter politics. When Sir Bindon Blood mentioned him in dispatches or General Lockhart took him on his staff, he felt overjoyed by the fame which would reach the voting public. He found army life wearisome but there were compensations. "People older than myself appeal to me about every subject. The Colonel consults me on nearly all points."

And so it was to go on all his life. Sooner or later there would be no room for any rival in the army or in politics. As it was, he became troubled to find there was another Winston Churchill in the world—the American novelist. When they met in 1900 on the bridge spanning the Charles River in Boston the English Winston proposed a division of the world: "I mean to be Prime Minister of England: it would be a great lark if you were President of the United States at the same time." It would indeed, but it did not occur.

Finances grew steadily worse. Winston needed polo-ponies and his mother ball-dresses. She did not hesitate to raise a loan on his as well as her own life insurance. But they sometimes had orbits in common. Winston was desperately anxious to reach the campaign maturing on the Nile. His mother had a plan to meet an admirer in Egypt, for she was still a widow. "Churchill, unawares of his mother's plan, flattered himself that her expedition was undertaken solely in his interests." His question was whether her "wit and tact and beauty should overcome all obstacles" that were in the way in his joining the forces. Unfortunately the most tenacious obstacle was Kitchener, who was in command and who became his unmitigated critic and enemy until they met in the War Cabinet of 1914.

He reached the Khartoum campaign, thanks to women who pulled wires, like Lady Jeune and his mother. Sir Evelyn Wood commissioned him to the 21st Lancers, which he reached in time to share in a famous cavalry charge. He had been informed by the War Office that he could proceed to Egypt at his own expense but that "if he were killed or wounded no charge was to fall on British Army Funds." Obviously his value to the British Empire at that time was exactly nil.

It will take his son another four volumes to settle what his final value would be.

Homo Territorialis

GUY DAVENPORT

As dignified as Leonardo da Vinci in an electric automobile, Darwin rode across the lava fields of Indefatigable Island in the Encantadas on the back of a Galapagos turtle. Under his Victorian umbrella he observed the outlandish rock crabs, spiders, and lizards about him, while thoughts of grandest contour about the distribution of God's creatures bloomed in his mind. And nobody at all knew what he was about. Professor Raymond Dart brachiates along the steampipes in his lecture room at the University of Witwatersrand, drops behind his podium as neatly as a chimpanzee from a baobab, and the world has a fair notion of what he's up to. Robert Ardrey has seen to that.

The Territorial Imperative, by Robert Ardrey. Atheneum, $6.95

Some seven years ago Mr. Ardrey, a playwright, discovered that men like the strange Eugène Marais had been living with apes and termites, about which he had unheard-of things to report; that certain British bird-watchers were finding out at last what birdsong is all about; and that the anthropologists Leakey and Dart were piecing together out of clues found in South Africa a past for mankind that was deeper in time than anyone had suspected. A revolution was on in the biological sciences and Ardrey dropped everything and set about being its reporter and interpreter. The result was *African Genesis*, published five years ago.

Since then, Mr. Ardrey has become even more passionate and breathless about The New Biology. That Dart has identified man as an instinctive killer touched a deep nerve in Mr. Ardrey; here was a biological dimension of original sin. It was also a scientist saying that man has instincts, whereas the prevailing dogma among the learned is that we have no instincts whatever (though a soft school of soul doctors feels that we may have an instinctive mechanism to grab holt of something when we perceive that we are about to fall, and that we jump by instinct at unexpected and loud noises). Thus Mr. Ardrey writes with considerable animus, for, as he tells us, he is by nature the enemy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and all his works. He believes that man is as programmed with instincts as the tiger, but that unlike the tiger we are capable of taming ourselves; that is, of becoming civilized. Civilization does not, however, erase our nature. The world has been at war, for instance, since 1815, despite considerable civilization. Mr. Ardrey's thesis is not restricted to his argument with sociology and psy-

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chology; in fact, there are many places where one wishes that he had written a separate book about the contentions that are beginning to arise between biologists and psychologists. For *The Territorial Imperative* incorporates several strong themes.

At one level the book is brilliant reporting: on the work of the ethologists Konrad Lorenz, Niko Tinbergen, C.O. Whitman, and others. Ethology is a new science that studies animal behavior in relation to the animal's sense of its territory: property rights, migrations, stamping grounds, and so on. We are familiar with dogs wetting their boundary markers, and with birds chirping at the limits of their kingdoms; Ardrey shows that all animals define their property.

The most engaging portions of *The Territorial Imperative* are its warm accounts of animals, of, for example, the aristocratic Uganda kob (one of the more elegant and snobbish antelopes) that mate on lawns of their own nibbling, with the strongest buck holding court, to whom demure and well-bred does stray with anxious unconcern, to chew a bit of grass, observe the weather, and politely venture a shy glance at the buck's haughty beauty. When both have established an atmosphere of coolest nonchalance (Henry James might have invented them as animals worthy of a London drawing room), their decent *amour* is soon over, and both again observe the African weather.

Or the idiotic bower-bird of New Guinea. The male bower-bird is a dandy and a cad. His mating green is a display ground of moss on which he arranges flowers, shells, bits of glass (he prefers Camp blue), and other gimcracks. There he spreads his gaudy tail and preens himself while the lady bower-birds shop among all this vanity. When no female is about, the bower-bird dashes across the way and destroys his neighbor's display, stealing a bibelot while he's at it. There's a less fitten bower-bird, a notch down Darwin's ladder, who displays on bare ground a few sticks and cigar butts, and gets for wife only the hens of inept and vulgar taste. Not since Rémy de Gourmont's *Physique de l'amour* has a writer seen the moral scope of satire in the preposterous comedy of courtship.

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE is Mr. Ardrey's New Testament, as *African Genesis* was his Old. Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man* made a similar parody of Holy Writ; revelation and exegesis are still the containing forms for scientific thought (as, in some dismay, Samuel Butler was the first to notice). Ardrey, indeed, finds himself in the position of an early Church Father—he has had to be diligent in many directions. Like St. Paul he has had to go great journeys; like Augustine he has kept account of his early heresies and has been careful to document the steps by which he saw the light; like Origen he interprets, collates, harmonizes.

Almost fifty years ago, about the time philosophy was going into its current tailspin, Santayana wrote a book called *Skepticism and Animal Faith* (1923) in which he invites us to notice that no matter how gnarled, angular, and constipated contemporary philosophy has become we have a clear common sense, which we share with the animals, whereby we eat, sleep, beget, calculate trust by the look in an eye, test ice before we step on it, and lay by some of the harvest for the lean months. As with the animal, nostalgia is our soul's spirit level. However botched our effort to get there, we can sniff out the whereabouts of our peace of mind with a

Random Notes

● BOOKS FORTHCOMING: The *official* history of JFK's assassination is due from Harper & Row early next year. William Manchester's *The Death of a President* will run to over 900 pages; author was selected to do the job by Mrs. Kennedy, and the *ms.* has the *imprimatur* of a committee headed by none other than Arthur Schlesinger Jr. . . . Hmm. . . . Tristram Coffin offers us *Senator Fulbright: Portrait of a Public Philosopher* (Dutton, $6.95); equally terrifying is news that McGraw-Hill and *Ramparts* have agreed to cooperate on a series of titles, first of which, due in January, is *Married Priests and Married Nuns* (to each other?) . . . Musicologist Henry A. Kmen's *Music in New Orleans: The Formative Years* covers 1791-1841; two future volumes will carry the story up to the present (Louisiana State, $7.50).

London à la Mode presents a jaundiced view, in the pictures of Paul Hogarth (yes, relation) and words of Malcolm Muggeridge (Hill & Wang, $6.95). . . . Those who enjoyed *The Pond* will welcome Robert Murphy's new book, *The Phantom Setter and Other Stories* (Dutton, October, $4.95). . . . For serious nostalgiacs are *A Tower in Babel,* Erik Barnouw's lengthy history of American broadcasting to 1933 (Oxford, $8.50), and *Motorcars of the Golden Past,* gems from the Harrah collection photographed by Tom Burnside and described by Ken W. Purdy (Little-Brown, $30).

● MOVIES DITTO: Charlton Heston will portray a doubtless charismatic conductor who with his entire orchestra is captured by the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge, in *The Battle Horns.* Ralph Nelson is directing from the Alan Sillitoe novel, for Universal. . . . Graham Greene himself is readying the screenplay of *The Comedians,* to star Richard Burton and Alec Guinness. . . . Now showing or soon to be at your local theater is *Harold Lloyd's Funny Side of Life,* an anthology featuring *The Freshman* entire, and excerpts from several other films.

Producer Everett Chambers has optioned George B. Armitage's screenplay of *A Cast of Thousands,* which deals with the making of a Cleopatra-type budget-buster. Both gents are associated with the *Peyton Place* video series. . . . Two films on 1066 and all that are in the works—one to be filmed by Sam Katzman in Hollywood, the other by Universal in Europe; both to be called *William the Conqueror* unless somebody relents. Elke Sommer returns to amuse in *The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz,* directed for United Artists by George Marshall, late of *Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number.* Meanwhile, Vanessa Redgrave has been signed to play Guinevere in *Camelot.* In green combat fatigues?

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sure nose. In a sense the new ethologists are filling in the gap in our understanding that Santayana pointed to as the evident but little-understood integrity of body and mind. They are describing scientifically the anguish of being lost, the alienation from grace, the meaning of a room of one's own, the spiritual necessity of having one's own cabbage patch.

Mr. Ardrey has written a large—too large—book, and if it is confusing (as many a reader will find it) the confusion comes from exuberance and scope. And it is full of news, the rarest thing one can say of a book.

Irrational Streams of Blood

MAX GELTMAN

ONE SATURDAY MORNING in March 1911, thirteen-year old Andrei Yuschinsky disappeared on his way to school from his home in a decrepit Kiev suburb. Eight days later, on Sunday, March 20, he was found, "a ghastly sight," in a cave not far from the brick factory built by Jonah Zaitsev, a wealthy and pious Jew, to help subsidize a hospital for the poor he had erected to commemorate the accession to the throne of Czar Nicholas II. On March 25 the medical examiner's report appeared in the local papers, announcing that the boy had been slain with a sharp cutting instrument and that forty-seven wounds were inflicted on his body. Sunday, March 27, was the day set for the funeral. Neither mother, stepfather nor grandmother was at the funeral since they were being held for questioning by the police. But one Nicolai Pavlovich was there handing out leaflets to the mourners, the idle, and the curious: "The Yids have tortured Andrusha Yuschinsky to death! Every year, before their Passover, they torture to death several dozens of Christian children in order to get their blood to mix with their *matzos*." And so on.

Thus began one of the most sensational ritual murder cases of the century. Soon the supervisory clerk of the Zaitsev brick factory, Mendel Beilliss, who lived with his family on the premises, was arrested for questioning by the police and held for more than two years before an indictment was handed down charging him with the murder. Meanwhile suspicion centered on Vera Cheberyak, with whose son Zhenya the victim had been seen on the morning of his disappearance. Also, her home was no farther away from the cave than was the brick factory. This village Borgia had once blinded an extra-legal suitor by throwing acid in his face. Her home served as a headquarters for stolen goods and a crew of half-crazed villains. So strong was the case against her and her accomplices—it is fairly certain they had all conspired to murder young Andrei—and so wicked and frightened did Vera become that she was very likely guilty of poisoning two of her children for fear they would speak

Blood Accusation, by Maurice Samuel. Knopf, $5.95

The Fixer, by Bernard Malamud. Farrar, $5.75

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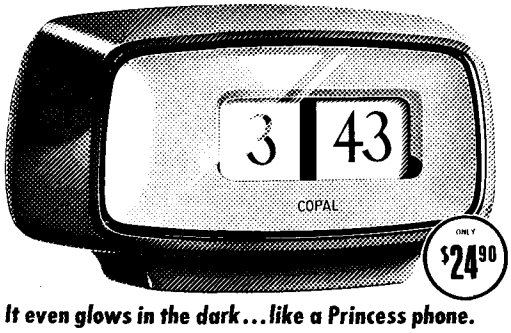

It even glows in the dark...like a Princess phone.

Time is just time you say? Well read how this Caslon Clock will change the way you read it.

It is a psychological fact (try it on friends) that when people look away from an ordinary clock (one with hands!), they seldom remember the exact time. They know **about** what time it is. This is because most often you just glance at a clock to orient yourself to the time . . . in relationship to some upcoming moment, date, event or whatever. **But.** When you glance away from this digital timepiece and someone asks you the time: you'll give it exactly. Right to the minute. **"It is 3:43".** That's the difference between seeing all 12 hours at once and this "digital readout" that states the precise time, and **only** the precise time.

The numbers of this plug-in electric clock can be read at a good 50-paces. A silent electric motor flips the plastic plates into view faster than the eye can see. **One second it's 3:43 and then, suddenly, it's 3:44.** Don't worry. The change is silent. Not even a "click".

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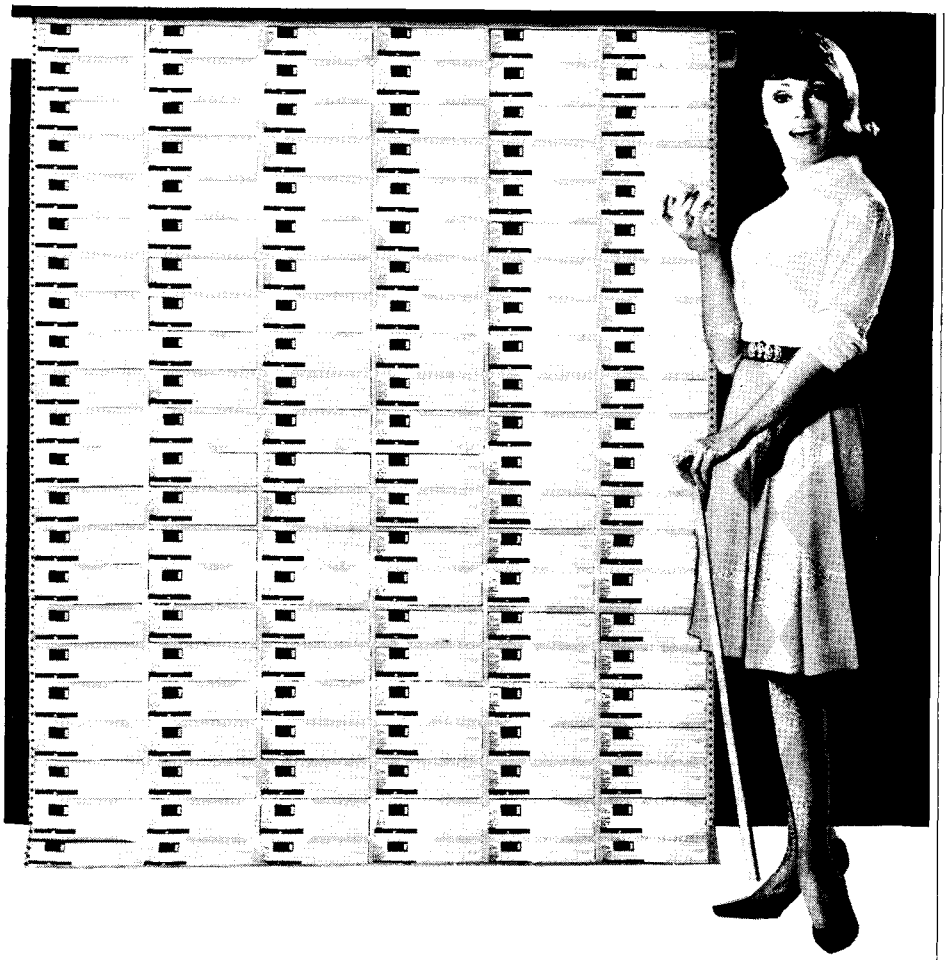

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out during the intensive police interrogation.

Because the guilt pointed so clearly to Vera and her accomplices and because not all Russia was enamored of the ritual murder accusation, Mendel Beilliss, after more than two and a half years of accusations of diabolism, questionings, and obfuscations, was pronounced not guilty by a jury made up of the simplest of simple folk in the community. This story Maurice Samuel, in *Blood Accusation,* tells with great clarity and charm and a good deal of understatement considering the volatile nature of the plot.

History and his "friends" have not been kind to the memory of Mendel Beilliss. After his ordeal Beilliss went to Palestine, from whence he finally found his way to America. Here he was totally neglected and impoverished. In an effort to raise some needed funds for his family, he published his own story of his life and misfortunes. It is a simple and touching book, written by a simple and decent man. He died—the forgotten man of a great drama—in 1934. While never quite the unlettered simpleton indicated by commentators, neither was he the half-baked Spinozist and "freethinker" Bernard Malamud has fashioned in his carelessly titled novel, *The Fixer.*

BECAUSE FICTION is stranger than truth, Malamud is determined to make of the Mendel Beilliss case a melodrama charged with demons borrowed ready-made from the sensitive and tradition-rooted tales of Isaac Bashevis Singer, to whom he is indebted for much of the style of the book. At times, too, it reads like a soap opera fashioned by the Marquis de Sade. Torture, sex, blood—"irrational streams of blood," as Yeats put it—dominate this sadistic retelling of what was, after all, a crude attempt at frame-up against an innocent and decent soul. Here the question arises: Just how much leeway has an author in taking an historical event, especially when some of the active participants are still alive, and reshaping it to what never was and could not have been, in order to satisfy his own creative imagination?

Mr. Malamud takes great pains not to disguise the essentials of the case so far as time, place and personae are concerned. In fact, many passages in the book are lifted verbatim from

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the story as told by Mendel Beilliss himself. It would seem, therefore, that in determining to rewrite the story, Malamud thought to reassemble the pieces the better to indict his hero. Yakov Bok, leaving no out but death. For as sure as there is goodness on earth—as well as evil—Mendel Beilliss would have been found guilty as charged, given the circumstantial evidence Malamud piles up. All the paraphernalia required in the ritual murder handbook as outlined by the fanatics of hate are supplied free to the prosecution. It would seem that the author wants to escape on the simple grounds of innocence. His hero must be guilty not only in the eyes of his false accusers, but also in the eyes of his people, whose God he denies. This, of course, is dirty pool.

With it all, Malamud transfixes his hero with fantasies and tortures so diabolic and vindictive as to raise the question whether they are altogether innocent. For the fantasies and nightmares are not Beilliss-Bok's. They are the author's. And they impinge on the mind and conjure up a kind of guilt difficult to explain on the simple grounds that an author's imagination must be absolutely free. Malamud seems unaware of the fact that the absolutes of man usually embody a totality of evil. The right to imagine atrocities never perpetrated on a real victim may only create conditions where such imagination can find fulfillment. Anyone who would tinker with the horrors of Buchenwald and Auschwitz in an effort to improve them through the imagination would, in my thinking, be more guilty than Hitler, whatever else might be said of the propriety of such an artistic innovation.

In his attempt to heighten the drama—real enough and terrible enough as it was—Bernard Malamud has merely indicated to us the secular striving for an out from God and moral sanctions in order to play the devil with history. If that sounds too harsh, it might be added that the book makes for exciting reading. For those not familiar with the travails of the real Mendel Beilliss, this hallucinatory retelling of the case may help to bring on a spate of books, plain and fancy, telling all about ritual murder—and for this we shall not be grateful.

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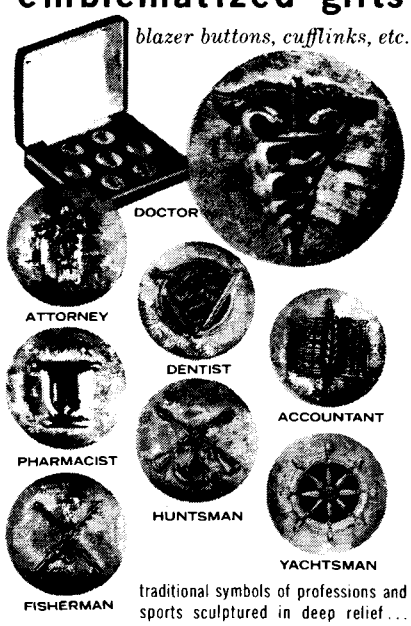

traditional symbols of professions and sports sculptured in deep relief... emblematic elegance in florentined 14k gold plate, hand-finished; set of 7 gift-cased blazer buttons 12.50; cufflink & tie bar set 9.75; tie tack or clip 5.50; also available: earrings 8.50; charm 6.50; pin or pendant 7.50. MAIL ORDERS PPD.

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Whistling Past the Cemetery

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

EVERY YEAR, according to my estimation, about seven hundred books like the two under review are published in this country. What a desperate situation we are in! Or so it would seem. Actually, I would make bold to suggest that there is something faintly resembling the shadow of a ghost of a chance of a reason to be hopeful.

First, a swift glance at the latest emission from Heilbroner. The title has nothing to do with this essay, which is concerned with the future of socialism. He describes the durability of established capitalism and devotes the rest of his effort to forecasting the chances of radical social reform, given the immovable brooding presence of that mindless monster, American capitalism. Any leftist pamphleteer of the 1920s did just as well.

Professor Lekachman subtitles his work "the life, times, thought, and triumph of the greatest economist of our age," and that just about sums it up: it's Keynesianism *via* the singing commercial.

Keynesianism hits the spot,
General Theory, that's a lot;
Full employment and inflation too,
Keynesianism is the thing for you!

Really, these books, and the 698 carbon copies published this year, need be taken no more seriously than this.

The Limits of American Capitalism, by Robert L. Heilbroner. Harper, $4.95

The Age of Keynes, by Robert Lekachman. Random House, $6.00

That is why I think there is reason to hope.

Anyone who is seriously interested in Keynes and the career of his ideas must know that Keynes toward the end of his life published some drastic revisions of his earlier statements, amounting to recantations indeed, and accompanied by some sharp language for those who took a bit o' Keynes here and a bit there and ran off to do battle under false colors. Mr. Lekachman chooses to ignore this little difficulty. After all, this is the "triumph" not of Keynes but of Keynesianism.

Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the field must know that the Keynesian system (as parlayed from Harvard to Washington) has undergone a most searching analysis during the last fifteen years, especially at the hands of David McCord Wright, Henry Hazlitt, and

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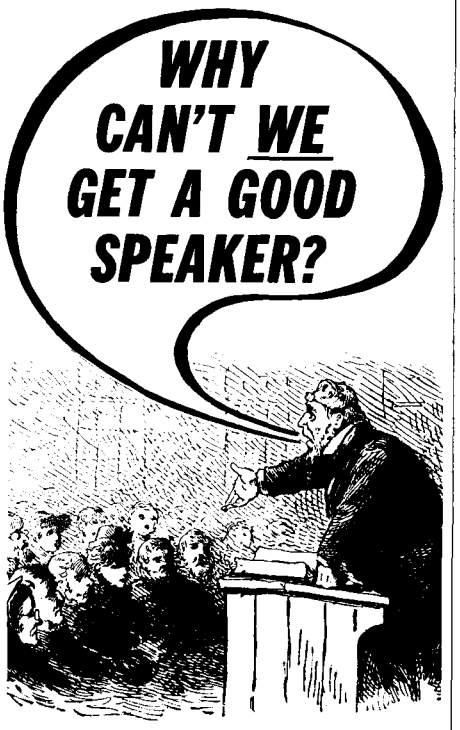

How many times have you asked yourself that question after sitting through another dull meeting? Really good speakers aren't easy to get these days, it's true—yet it **takes** a good speaker to make your meeting come alive!

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W. H. Hutt. Indeed, the formal structure of Keynesianism has been laid lower than the ruins of the monument of Ozymandias. Once again, this little difficulty is simply ignored. The work of Hutt, Hazlitt, and Wright is not mentioned. Von Mises, Roepke, Friedman, or anyone to the right of Henry Wallace are all ignored. How can such a book be taken seriously? It is nothing but a blurb for Keynes.

Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie are mentioned time and again. Does the author think it would be useful to mention their extremely embarrassing connections with the Communist movement? Not a jot. *Noblesse oblige.*

Now in view of this meretricious, pompous, propagandistic, pistareen, pastepot scribbling, what reason is there for hope? Why, we are hopeful simply because the Other Side's stuff is so worthless. Who under the age of 65 will buy, read, or care about Professor Heilbroner's *fin de siècle* socialism? Who with the slightest real interest in Keynes will buy, read, or care about Professor Lekachman's adoration of Keynes as *der Wirtschaftsstammvater?* The boys are talking to themselves, or praying to their ancestors, but they're not getting the message across to anyone else.

Now another reason for hope is the implication in these seven hundred books that the Other Side is running scared. They can't stand the silence that is the reward of a devastating rebuttal. Rather than meet the challenge head on (has anyone answered Warren Nutter on Soviet growth, Milton Friedman on his *Monetary History,* Hutt on Keynes?) the Other Side yells like mad, publishes tracts by the hundred, and props the corpse of Keynes in the window at Doubleday. I think they know the show is over. They just don't like the thought of death. And so they whistle.

Movies in Brief

FARLEY CLINTON

THE ALPHABET MURDERS. Of the recent run of Agatha Christie stories, this may well be the best. Tony Randall is Hercule Poirot, Robert Morley is a dunce from Scotland Yard, Anita Ekberg is the mad, mad lady who involves Poirot in a hunt for the devilish fiend who is killing people in alphabetical order. The first victim has the initials A.A., the second is B.B., the third is C.C., and before we know where we are, Poirot has done it again. The murderer, who oddly enough turns out to be the least probable person, is unmasked and, you'll be glad to know, Poirot escapes from the villain's clutches and triumphantly brings the wretch to justice. Swift, intelligent, entertaining; often, but not too often, the director takes something of a mocking view of the whole idea. The scene is London 1966, for Agatha Christie has survived the country houses, the butlers, the noblemen, the dubious French maids, she used to write about. She has survived England.

WALK IN THE SHADOW. Patrick MacGoohan the incomparable made this film shortly before he achieved his celebrity as TV's *Secret Agent.* He plays a British doctor, bent on securing legal punishment for a devoutly religious man who, obeying the teaching of his sect, allows his child to die for want of a blood transfusion. The thinking here is all very mixed-up indeed, but it is exciting for at least two-thirds of the length; and there is a great performance of sorts from Michael Craig as the tormented believer. Rather surprisingly, the director has set up MacGoohan rather than Craig as the real hero, and the effect of this is somehow unpleasant. Janet Munro plays Craig's wife. The setting is a working-class suburb of London, which has also survived England. Everybody and everything is very, very gray.

A MAN AND A WOMAN. The love-lives of men who do dangerous things (a movie stunt man, a motor racer) are explored, with all the newest cinematic techniques of the *nouvelle vague,* by French director Claude Lelouch. The best color photography in five years. Jean-Louis Trintignant, the motor racer, is involved with the widow of the stunt man; the ending is distinctly sad; it all happens near very beautiful beaches, under very beautiful sunsets; and Anouk Aimée,

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the widow, has a disconcerting resemblance to Jacqueline Kennedy. Lelouch owes a great debt to François Truffaut, especially to *Shoot the Piano Player*—or perhaps this odd vitality, these methods, this sensibility, are just very much part of the mid-1960s. Probably one of the ten best pictures of 1966. In French, with subtitles.

THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS. The latest work of silly, insignificant Pier Paolo Pasolini, who is not so much a film director as an Italian pseudo-intellectual armed with cocktail-party thinking and a movie camera whose use he does not understand. His relative success with *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew* must have been due entirely to the contribution of Saint Matthew; on the present occasion he doesn't have a sure-fire script and he disintegrates pitifully. The famous comedian, Toto, walks the length of modern-day Italy accompanied by his son, the most annoying adolescent you ever hope to see, and a talking crow who spouts the Communist Party line. All this is even worse than it sounds. One sequence, far and away the best, is an innocent, very Italian fable about followers of St. Francis who do indeed preach to the hawks and the sparrows. But there is no plot at all, and the rest of the disjointed sequences are, as a girl I knew used to say, "well, sort of, *nothingness*."

THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED. So bad it's good. Tennessee Williams is so good, and so well-established, that it can do no harm to poke fun at that one excellent play which he has rewritten so many times. A few Hollywood hacks have unwittingly contrived to do this by taking an old, short play of his and building it up, with reams of material from their own empty minds, into a starring vehicle for—Natalie Wood??? Natalie Wood??? But, sho' nuff, heah she is, honey, with just the thickest li'l ole South'n accent y'all evah did heah—and that same lovely, blank face whose infinitesimal range of expressions belongs to nowhere on this earth but Beverly Hills. Looking at every instant incredibly well-fed and Californian, Miss Wood must read the lines (which she plainly doesn't understand) of a lady who lives—guess where? In Mississippi! And she wants—to get away! Because her family fortunes have—well, just declined! And she has all kinds of problems with—sex! A very funny movie. The script writers, who must have the most vulgar minds in the world, have decreed that Williams' hopeless, doomed lady shall be whisked away to salvation by success in the big city. For she has been redeemed, not by love, but by a sort of healthy modern relationship with Robert Redford. Then, even more humorously, she dies, because on no particular provocation she has run mad out into a thunderous storm, and caught cold, and it gets to be pneumonia; whereupon her young sister remarks, "Well! the family fortunes have—just declined!" But this girl is played, with more style than anyone else displays, by Mary Badham, with a crisp, sensible, Upper Seventies accent, and her cool New York-ish superiority to all the nonsense is the final peak of this accidental satire.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WATERCOLOR, by John Pike (Watson-Guptill, $12.50). One hundred and seventy-six jumbo-sized pages, half of them reproductions of watercolors by Mr. Pike, whose work is known to anyone who has ever read a magazine or frequented exhibits of watercolor art, half of them lessons in how to set about watercoloring—the works: what paints to buy, what brushes, what paraphernalia, how to handle the paints, how to compose the picture, about as much as an artist can do for you short of ghosting. The text is brilliantly lucid, like Mr. Pike's own watercolors, and it is difficult to imagine a more helpful guide for the postulant watercolorist, or for that matter a higher ambition than to master this lambent art. The reviewer confesses that he did his best quickly to forget everything the Maestro teaches about watercolors which gets in the way of oil painting, the art form the reviewer is currently engaged in profaning. But amateur painting is a wholly private vice, unlike music-making, writing, or dramatizing, which are almost necessarily done at someone's expense, and the joy is unsurpassable, so that even if Mr. Pike is guilty of egging you on (no doubt W-G Publications, if they had been around, would have published a book, *You Too Can*

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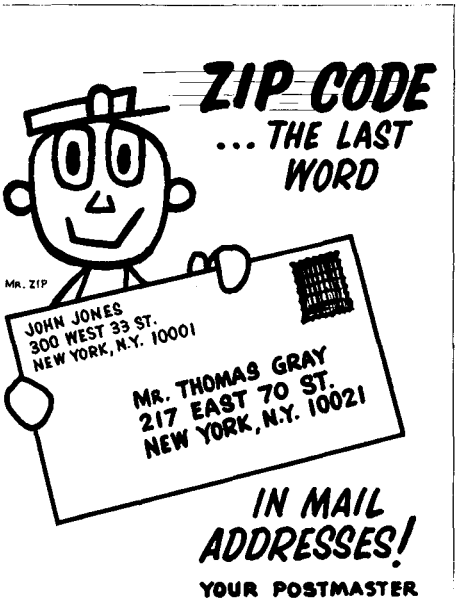
Write a Cantata by G. F. Handel) to unrealistic ambitions, it is, like skiing, fun all the way, and his volume the most seductive *vade mecum* around. W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

EVERYTHING BUT MONEY, by Sam Levenson (Simon and Schuster, $4.95). Smiling, cherubic Sam Levenson left a poor-paying teaching job (which he loved) to become a stand-up comedian on radio and television (which he mocks), getting rich by inducing a yok of recognition from audiences who, too, remember a time when poverty was no crime; when, indeed, one could regard himself as "fortunate" because he belonged to the "privileged poor." Raised in an East Harlem slum, one of a family of ten—seven brothers, one sister and two hard-working and heroic parents—Sam recalls the wonders and joys, the love and compassion of growing up in an area which the sociologists might call depressed, "Yet, paradoxically," he tells us, "I never felt depressed or deprived. My environment was miserable; I was not." A sworn enemy of Spockism, sociologism and self-pity, he early learned that "if there was something lacking it might turn up if I went after it, saved up for it, worked for it, but never if I just waited for it." Of course, he adds, "you had to be lucky too, but I discovered that the more I hustled the luckier I seemed to get." As for self-pity, "Mamma kept several charity boxes marked 'For the Poor.' We gave to the poor regularly. It made us feel rich." And rich his family was in a zest for life to which they applied an energy and faith which no environment of tumbledown tenements could destroy. Nor was poverty the breeder of crime that it is now made out to be by a fashionable sociolatry which likes its correlations one to one. Were that the case, the Levensons and their neighbors and their neighbors' neighbors would all have grown up to be criminals beyond redemption instead of the doctors, lawyers, businessmen, politicians, teachers and entertainers that they did become. M. GELTMAN



ENGAGED AND DISENGAGED, by Douglas Bush (Harvard, $4.75). This collection of essays literary and social by the great Harvard professor of English, my respected old master, describes itself best through direct quotation. "Honest mirth is a cleanser and restorer of the soul; it purgeth many troubles and sickly vanities. . . . This is not the first and only age in which mankind has lived with a half-paralyzing consciousness of disorder, though a number of intellectuals seem to have a defective historical sense and to assume that life on this earth was fairly rosy until a generation ago. . . . rebellion against convention is the most effete of conventions. . . . [Of T. S. Eliot] in a time of disorder, a sober quest for order may be exciting and compelling. . . . The loss of an active consciousness of religious, ethical, and cultural tradition is a much worse menace than atomic or hydrogen bombs. . . . If my position is naive, reactionary, and unrealistic, I can only say that I would rather go to hell with a Christian Platonist than to heaven with a naturalistic positivist. . . . For something like twenty-five hundred years the humanities have been in more or less of a plight, not because they are themselves weak, but because their war is not merely with ignorance but with original sin. . . . The humanistic tradition has always stood for improvement of the world, but it has always insisted that a man must make himself worthy of such an enterprise; one of our perennial troubles is that improvement of the world is undertaken by so many unpolished minds." Professor Bush describes himself as conservative in everything but politics. With all due respect, I can only suppose that he has pondered too little on the kind of politics that best sustains the social order of which he has always been a stout and gracious champion.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

WESTERN POLICY AND EASTERN EUROPE, edited by David S. Collier and Kurt Glaser (Regnery, $7.50). Both American and European contributors discuss such topics as Communist unity in the Soviet bloc, the value of East-West trade, and German reunification. Evaluations of Western potential for action in Eastern Europe vary, but one theme is dominant: the Communist satellite states are in turmoil. Ideology has lost whatever little hold it once had on the people, and short of reversion to Stalinist totalitarianism (considered highly unlikely), the leaders of the captive nations will of necessity become more responsive to their people. Thus, if the West can reach the masses of these countries, their natural gravitation towards the free world can be accelerated. R. T. P. DAVIS

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MANY PEOPLE FIND our classified columns not only very valuable but interesting and entertaining as well. Some people advertise the darndest things! And if you have something to advertise, why, by all means give it a try in NR. People have sold houses in Vermont, islands in the sun, and just about everything else in NR's classified columns. Rates are very reasonable (you'll find them fully explained at the bottom of the Classified page).

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (October 18)

JOHN A. HOWARD

An Alternative to Federal Aid to Education:

When a large portion of your operating budget comes from Washington, and is given out ultimately under the politically appointed officers, you will be very reluctant to argue against the objectives of the incumbent Administration.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. Former Chairman, Federal Communications Commission

B. Anti-Red China group (Committee of _____)

C. What Lyndon Johnson's helpers are called

D. Unscramble LIGHT BALE

E. Month, day, and hour World War I Armistice was signed

F. City on Mississippi River, also a game

G. An inhabitant of one of the Baltic countries

H. A card game at which soft drinks might be served

I. A part of each of Shakespeare's plays

J. An Argonaut

K. Former forest and hunting ground, Southeast Scotland

L. Virile, vigorous

WORDS

3 132 70 138 112

10 78 4 174 71 32 140 154 158 82

12 124 5 103 56 93 134 119 42 196

21 33 14 183 99 139 6 155 171

23 135 43 30 57 34 114 100

28 104 117 7 85 192 160 24

129 179 35 115 176 164 9 169 190 58

143 101 72 110 105 40 25

162 123 11 106 150 128

2 120 44 131 163 148 13 125 26 62

8 168 180 27 1 133 109

18 178 173 54 107 45 182 29 79

DEFINITIONS

M. A national park in California

N. An itinerant street musician

O. A necktie or a vehicle

P. A number

Q. A number

R. A type of insurance; talents

S. Part of the foreign aid program

T. Obsolete term for a diary or journal (it has nothing to do with FM)

U. The eighth part of a circle

V. The shop of one who lends money on the security of personal property pledged in his keeping

W. A boundary

X. Calculated approximately

WORDS

102 53 86 31 80 97 46 63

118 95 52 17 108 189 145 87 152 126

73 137

144 187 61 74 89 191 15 47 165 156

153 36 111 76 96

181 69 48 161 195 37 166

184 98 49 90 193 159 116 188 16

84 146 38 91 19 65 157 151 186

94 127 20 141 121 194 39 50 75

149 172 66 59 41 88

177 77 185 51 83 67 64 136

170 113 142 122 55

175 167 60 130 147 81 92 68 22

See page 1122 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 K	2 J		3 A	4 B	5 C		6 D	7 F	8 K		9 G	10 B	11 I		12 C	13 J
14 D	15 O	16 R		17 N	18 L		19 S	20 T	21 D		22 X	23 E	24 F	25 H	26 J	27 K
	28 F	29 L	30 E	31 M	32 B		33 D	34 E		35 G	36 P	37 Q	38 S	39 T		40 H
41 U	42 C	43 E	44 J	45 L	46 M	47 O	48 Q	49 R	50 T	51 V	52 N		53 M	54 L		55 W
56 C	57 E		58 G	59 U	60 X	61 O	62 J	63 M		64 V	65 S		66 U	67 V	68 X	
69 Q	70 A	71 B	72 H	73 N	74 O	75 T	76 P		77 V	78 B	79 L		80 M	81 X	82 B	83 V
	84 S	85 F	86 M	87 N	88 U	89 O	90 R	91 S		92 X	93 C	94 T	95 N	96 P	97 M	98 R
	99 D	100E	101H	102M		103C	104F	105H		106I	107L	108N	109K	110H	111P	
112A	113W	114E	115G		116R	117F	118N	119C	120J	121T	122W	123I		124C	125J	126N
	127T	128I	129G	130X	131J	132A	133K	134C	135E		136V	137N	138A	139D	140B	141T
142W	143H		144O	145N	146S	147X		148J	149U	150I		151S	152N	153P	154B	155D
	156O	157S	158B	159R	160F	161Q	162I	163J		164G	165O	166Q		167X	168K	169G
170W	171D		172U	173L	174B	175X		176G	177V		178L	179G	180K	181Q		182L
183D	184R		185V	186S	187O	188R	189N		190G	191O	192F	193R	194T	195Q	196C	

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WAUGH

(Continued from p. 1111)

wrong somewhere; some date has been broken, somebody is ill; an early start has to be made next morning.

The Garrick with its stage connection used to specialize in after-theater suppers. Arnold Bennett describes in his journal of the 1920s how he went to the Garrick after an opening and got an excellent kipper for sixpence. "There is some point in belonging to a club," he wrote. The Garrick through its long association with the stage still maintains its tradition of after-theater suppers, but such festivities need ordering in advance. Nine times in ten the casual strayed reveler would find this club desolate at eleven. I would indeed prophesy that the next development in London club life will be the small supper club that does not open till seven and serves light snacks till midnight. I have the good fortune to belong to one such establishment. I fancy that there is room for others.

EVANS

(Continued from p. 1093)

Bob Matthias (Bakersfield), Robert C. Cline (Los Angeles), Jerry Pettis (Los Angeles), Frank La Magna (Orange County), and Robert L. Barry (Riverside).

In Oregon, the GOP expected to pick up a relatively easy Senate win in the campaign of Governor Mark Hatfield, but Hatfield's "dove" stance on Vietnam has hurt his prospects. Republicans hope to gain a second Oregon representative in John R. Dellenback, who opposes former Castro enthusiast Charles O. Porter. In Washington, the party could acquire new House seats in the 5th and 6th Districts. Another potential win is the campaign for congressman-at-large in Alaska, where conservative Howard Pollock goes against Rep. Ralph J. Rivers.

RYSKIND

(Continued from p. 1097)

lead by the next poll. But here it is: Reagan 46, Brown 39, undecided now 15 per cent.

There are other favorable indications, too. For the first time since 1956, statewide registration switches from Democrat to GOP outnumber the vice versa procedure. That is significant since you can vote your choice in November without any bother; when your adrenalin has been aroused sufficiently to make you proclaim your shift publicly, there's more than a straw in the wind.

And I have seen samples, in Democratic stronghold areas, that would indicate almost incredible veering from Brown. One recent projection, indeed, says the score is now 53 to 41, with 6 per cent still on the fence.

But there remain the intangibles. The once conservative *L.A. Times,* which Sam Yorty hinted would be in Brown's corner, has remained Republican and endorsed Reagan, if not fervently. On the other hand, the *L.A. Herald-Examiner* has followed the Hearst San Francisco paper and given the nod to Brown, though I suspect some of its Los Angeles brass will not take hemlock if its findings are not followed.

My own guess is that Reagan will take the Southland by a 3 to 2 margin, and that should win for him. Still, I believe in running scared—and who has a better right?—till the ballgame is over.

At any rate, this is no time for a bunt. In the closing innings you swing for the fence, and a TV blockbuster of the type Reagan delivered in 1964 would be insurance.

For Gov. Brown, with his eye on the scoreboard, shows desperation and is abandoning the illegal spitter in favor of pitching Molotov cocktails. Every supporter of Reagan has now been indicted as a wild extremist, far more dangerous than the Communists.

Interestingly, in this he is getting good support from Dorothy Healey, the Communist Party leader who polled 86,000 votes in Los Angeles County in the primary and is now urging her followers to vote for Brown.

And nightly on TV, Gene Kelly, celebrated Thespian, warns that actors know absolutely nothing of politics. And then, to drive his point home, urges his fans to vote for Pat. (Q.E.D.)

Anyway, it's an exciting ballgame.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 1081)

bankrupt our foreign affairs. Consider those governors who felt the same way and took the Johnson way out. And consider further: a man who supported Barry Goldwater in '64 can't be all bad.

Taft, Ore. FRANK FORD, Chairman
Lincoln County Republican
Central Committee

Certainly not.

Pro NR

I am (if one has to label) a liberal—with a small "l". But I find myself in the rather peculiar position these days of supporting "Johnson's war" among Liberal friends and acquaintances. The present current Liberal-leftist position on VN is almost Pavlovian in its response. I don't agree with all the NATIONAL REVIEW says, but am beginning to see there's need for such a mag among thinking people—of both the Right *and* the Left.

Torrance, Cal. SAM BLUEFARB

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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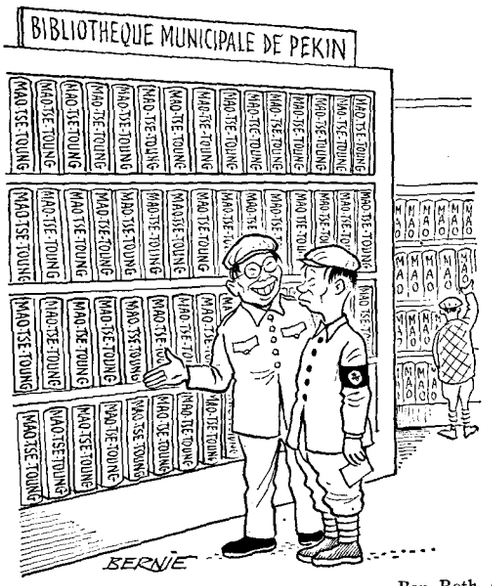
For The Record

Richard Nixon grabbed ball for GOP on Lyndon Johnson charge that Republicans would cause the nation "to falter and fall back and fail" in Vietnam. Nixon, in letter to White House, pointed out that 25 senators and 90 congressmen who have been most prominent in peace movements are Democrats. . . . Students to the rescue: since fall term opened 70 chapters of Student Committee for a Free China have been organized on college campuses; more are in the works. GHQ: 521 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. . . . Yale undergraduates, headed by John Meyer, gathered 500 signatures in single evening to protest sending of medical aid to North Vietnam by Yale Quakers and the (inevitable) Rev. Wm. Sloane Coffin. New Haven insurance man Irwin Schiff, who never before engaged in a single political activity, so outraged he gathered 3,500 town signatures of protest . . . . Dr. Spock has warned young mothers they'll have to do with less of him: he's moving from Cleveland to New York to devote more time to SANE. . . . Latest and worst attack on LBJ, Barbara Garson's play Macbird in which the ambitious "Macbeth" Johnson is guilty of the murder of king "Duncan" Kennedy. Leftist intellectuals trying to raise money to stage Macbird off-Broadway in December.

According to National Guardian, Bertrand Russell expects his war crimes trial of Lyndon Johnson, Rusk, McNamara et al. to last twelve weeks. It won't be held in Paris, de Gaulle has said "non." . . . Newest recruit to Peking's rampaging Red Guards is American journalist Anna Louise Strong, 80. . . . Swedish tourists, crossing into Russia from China at Siberian border, report all Chinese books they had were seized; Soviet authorities told them they would be burned. Books by American and British authors were not seized.

Best defense of House Committee on Un-American Activities, its functions and purpose, to come out in many a day—John Ashbrook's long speech on subject to Congress, Sept. 21. Ashbrook, one of the most important young conservative congressmen, reported just a shade ahead in his race against Rep. Robert Secrest in only contest in nation between incumbents (Ashbrook is victim of redistricting). . . . Major job of research on Peking-apologist Felix Greene (Producer of Felix Greene's China) done by Sen. Milward Simpson (R., Wyo.), available from his office. . . . It won't happen till after November 8, but reliable reports indicate U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe II, is on his way out of government service. Congressional attacks on high-handed tactics by feds in educational field centered on Howe.



Aux Ecoutes, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

"There you are, Comrade, take your pick."

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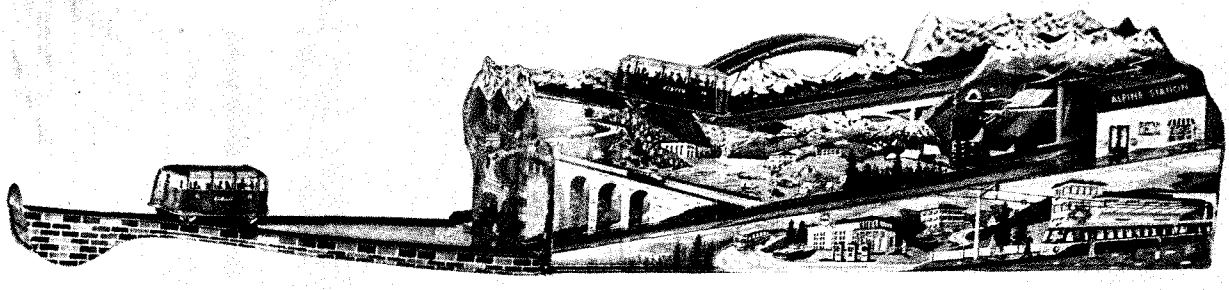

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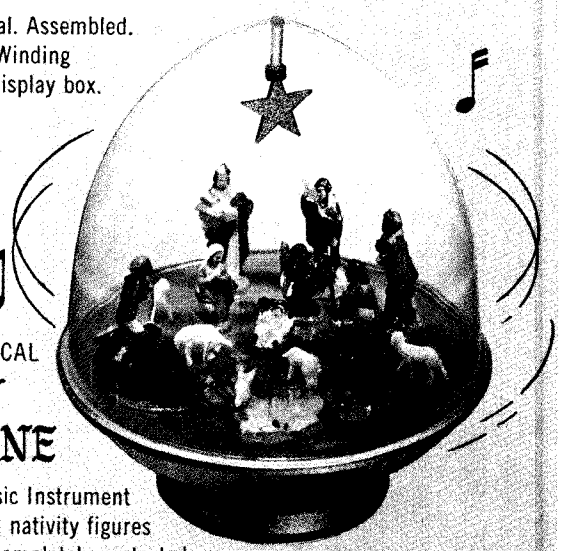

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